

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year. No. 13.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 30, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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WHICH WAY?

(See article on page 2.)

AND
ON
EARTH
PEACE
GOODWILL
TOWARD
MEN

WHICH WAY?

(To our frontispiece.)

TIME: 12 p.m., Dec. 31st, 1900.

PLACE: The Earth.

YOUNG NINETEENHUNDRED.—
Hem! There are three roads I can
take; which way shall I go?

BEEL ZEBUB.—This way, sir! Take
the down-grade. 'Tis the toboggan
slide youngsters enjoy most. It is
great fun; very exhilarating, and
swift travel. My road is the short
cut to the cure of all evils. The popu-
lation of the earth is getting too great,
and war has been for centuries the
best means to decimate mankind.
There is glory in war. Hardly any-
thing else is considered worth while
recording—by historians. War gives
excellent opportunity for the display
of heroism, dash, and brilliancy. Then
there is Punline! It sounds rather
undignified, but, after war, it is the
best way to prevent overcrowding in
a densely-populated country like India.
The poor Hindoos lead only dogs' lives
at the best, and a few million less will
make it better for the rest. Then I
have a choice assortment of plagues;
the Bubonic is quite fashionable now,
and is an excellent means of keeping
growth of uncivilized countries
within safe limits. After all, the
plague is only nature's retribution to
those nations who prefer unsanitary
conditions of life. I strongly advise
you to travel on my road.
Your predecessor, Mr. Eighteen-
hundred-and-nineteen, has travelled over
a considerable portion of it.

MR. MAMMON.—I know that you
don't consider the down-grade very
desirable. Civilization does not ap-
prove of the short cuts. My road is
much more pleasant. Nothing like
the golden middle between extremes.
Take the level road, which is well
paved and patronized by the millions.
You will find in this way few risks,
but many chances for solid success,
honor, comfort, enjoyment, and happi-
ness. "Eat, drink, and be merry," is
our motto.

YOUNG NINETEENHUNDRED.—
But I can't see the end of it.

MAMMON.—Oh, the end! Never
mind the end! It goes down in easy
stages and joins the dangerous short
cut of Beel Zebub's at the bottom.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—No,
don't heed those two. Those two
roads are leading to darkness and des-
pair. This is the way that leads to
light. It is the way God wants you
to take. There is no promise of
wealth, or glory, or fame, or ease
given, but it is promised that all needs
shall be supplied. It is not a wide,
nor an easy path; therefore, not popu-
lar. Cowards soon tire in it and
turn back, but even the weakest can
walk it by faith. It is an up-grade, and
you must climb, but it is a straight
path and the light increases as you
advance. You will meet with mis-
understanding, scoffing, suffering, etc.,
but you will have for your constant
companion Peace. There is a war to
wage as you travel in this path, but it
is the battle of Heaven against Hell.
Under the blood-red banner of the
Cross there is no defeat, for the Chris-
tian armor is invulnerable. This is the
way you ought to take.

CHORUS OF SALVATIONISTS.—

"We'll fight, we'll fight, we'll fight the
battle through,
Our pathway's clear,
And let this year
Be the best we ever knew."

Solomon's Proverbs
FOR THE NEW YEAR

- A—word fitly spoken is like apples of
gold in pitchers of silver.—xxv.
11.
- H—onor the Lord with thy substance,
and with the first fruits of all
thine increase.—iii. 9.
- A—wise man will hear and will in-
crease in learning, and a man
with understanding will attain
unto wise counsels.—i. 5.
- P—ut away from thee a froward
mouth, and perverse lips put
far from thee.—iv. 24.
- P—onder the path of thy feet, and let
all thy ways be established.—iv.
26.
- Y—ea, my reins shall rejoice when
thy lips speak right things.—xxiii.
16.
- N—ow, therefore, hearken unto me, O
ye children, for blessed are they
that keep my ways.—viii. 33.
- E—nvy not thou the oppressor, and
choose none of his ways.—iii. 21.
- W—isdom is the principal thing, there-
fore get wisdom, and with all
thy getting, get understanding.—iv. 7.
- Y—et a little sleep, a little slumber,
a little folding of the hands to
sleep, so shall thy poverty come,
as one that travelleth.—vi. 10, 11.
- R—emember not into the paths of the wicked,
and go not in the way of evil
men.—iv. 14.
- A—soft answer turneth away wrath,
but grievous words stir up anger.
—xv. 1.
- R—eprove not a scorner, lest he hate
thee; rebuke a wise man and he
will love thee.—ix. 8.

T. H. C.

BADGES AND THEIR TALES

By ENSIGN JENNIE CRAWFORD.

There was nothing striking about the
still figure lying in the coffin. Just a
young soldier-sold, who had bravely stood
at her post through months of weakness
and persecution. Very plain the coffin
and shroud, but upon the lifeless breast
was pinned an old-fashioned napoleonic
badge. I looked upon it as I stood there
and my whole soul was touched. I
knew what it meant—a life lived as a
true soldier, blameless before God, shin-
ing before the world, bringing light and
peace wherever that girlish form had
gone—and there, that Christmas week,
was implanted in my soul a deeper de-
termination, a stronger desire to be all
for God. The inspiration received there
has not left me in the light of years,
and is still before me amidst the per-
plexities of an officer's life, making me
seek to live so that I will be found
worthy of having on Army badge pinned
upon my lifeless breast, and better still,
to secure me an Army welcome into the
Home above.

Another lifeless form—this time a
strong man in the prime of life. Friends
are performing the last offices for the
body as it lies before them. The best
suit is brought out, and while looking in
the pockets a little parcel is found, care-
fully wrapped and tied. Someone opens
it, and there lies, bright and shining,
another old-fashioned Army badge; but
now different the circumstances! Sadly
it is wrapped up again, carefully laid

aside, while tears flow from the eyes of
friends standing by.

Then the story is told; that badge
was carried by a poor backslider in the
continual hope that some time, at some
meeting, his heart would again be given
to God, and he would have the right
again to wear the badge, so carefully
kept and always carried in his pocket.

But the last meeting was attended, the
last warning given, the last invitation
unheeded, and his soul went out into the
darkness of eternal night unworthy of
having an Army badge pinned upon his
lifeless breast.

♦ ♦ ♦

And this Christmas time my mind
wanders away to those other badges,
once proudly worn by blood-washed
souls, now laid aside; always kept, and
the remembrance of them still bringing
on aching heart as the years roll on.
Their sight brings the wish that they had
come to heaven, when the heart was
clean, and the life was right, and they
were worthy to wear, even in death, an
Army badge.

But, listen! A short time ago an
Army lassie sang a song in the open-air
I went like this—

"I cannot leave the dear old Flog,
'Twere better far to die."

A poor backslider, who for years had
gone about with heart untouched, came
near. He heard the song. God's Spirit
took it home. He lived again his happy
soldier days, and the remembrance
brought remorse, then conviction, and
today he stands in his old place, saved
by the Blood, and very glad to be home
again.

Will you let this Christmas season,
with its blessed memories, see you com-
ing home again, standing 'neath the dear
old Flog, and rejoicing in the Christ of
Bethlehem?

JESUS ONLY.

The late Rev. Henry Reed, of England,
has left to the Christian people a very
precious testimony. Finding that he
was about to pass away he called for
pen, ink, and paper, and calmly and de-
liberately inscribed the following state-
ment of his experience:—"After all I
have said, preached, and written, for
upwards of forty-five years, I wish it to
be distinctly understood that the ground
of the hope that is in me (which hope is
full of immortality and eternal glory) is
not 'repentance unto God,' although it
is written, 'except ye repent, ye shall all
likewise perish.' Nor is it faith, al-
though it is written, 'without faith it is
impossible to please God.' Nor is it in
becoming a new creature, although it is
written, 'Except a man be born again he
cannot see the kingdom of God.' Nor is
it holiness, although it is written,
'Without holiness no man shall see the
Lord.' They are indeed great and glori-
ous gifts, all purchased by Blood Divine,
for which I adorn and praise a trium-
phant God. Still, none of them atoned for my
sins. Repentance did not die for me;
faith did not die for me; the new
creature did not die for me; holiness did
not die for me. My confidence is not in
the gifts, but in the Giver—the eternal
Son of God, Who took my nature, and in
that nature, as my substitute, atoned for
my sins. On His finished work alone
does my soul rely for pardon, holiness,
and heaven; and He only is made unto
me wisdom, righteousness, and sanctifica-
tion, and redemption." Yes, this is the
secret of a life of rest and power—a com-
plete abandonment of all we have and
are, and can do, to Him for time and
for eternity.

Australasia
Revisited

OR,

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM-
MISSIONER POLLARD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Forecast and Some Conclusions.

We have nearly traversed our al-
lotted ground, and surveyed a field of
Social and Spiritual operation which
we again commend to the study of the
Salvation Army abroad.

The world should be proud of the
Australian Salvationist. Largely de-
prived of those influences which tend
to the cultivation of the higher qual-
ities of spiritual fervor and energy, he
has become, nevertheless, under the
guidance of able leaders, sound train-
ing, and a series of splendid enter-
prises, a devoted, self-sacrificing and
determined follower of Jesus Christ.

He may not manifest the same ren-
own to fall into line with all the out-
ward courtesies of the military form
of our system, say, like the Scandi-
navian or the German; but, if he lacks
in this, he has far more enduring gifts.
The Australian Salvationist is a work-
er. Neither narrow, bigoted, nor pre-
judiced, he is proud of the world-wide
mission of the Army; untrammeled,
as he is, with ecclesiastical traditions,
his red garter is as sacred to him
as the crucifix is to the Catholic;
while the tri-colored flag embodies the
central truths by which he believes
the world will be subjugated to the
government of God. The ritual cer-
emony of the Army is essentially Col-
onial; it is free, easy, and uncon-
ventional, and suits his temperament,
mobility, and love of change. The
Australian Salvationist is religious,
and everything that he does is marked
by sincerity, wholeheartedness, and
an ambition to excel.

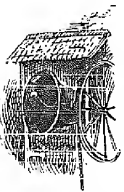
These are the conclusions arrived at
by Commissioner Pollard, after a long
stay in the Colonies and occasional
visits, and he attributes the gigantic
program which the Commandant is
now engaged in working out to the
fact that he (the Commandant) feels
that he is relying upon men and wo-
men who will be there when wanted.

The program is colossal. It is said
that some men think in parishes, some
in counties, and others in continents.
Commandant Herbert Booth is a man
of the latter class of mind. In his
Social year, which is drawing to a
close, his plan has been to finish it
with establishing in Victoria another
Soldiers' Home, and two Girls' Homes.
In New South Wales he is enlarging the
Rescue Home accommodation and Wo-
men's Shelter, and instituting a Food
and Shelter Depot in the Industrial
live of Newcastle. In South Australia
a new Prison Gate Home is being
furnished and tried up, Boys' and
Girls' Reformatory work being started,
and new premises acquired for Rescue
operations. In West Australia the
Colley Estate is being developed. Re-
formatory Homes for boys and girls
will be started, as well as a Labor
Colony, Prison Gate Work, and a Food
and Shelter Depot. In New Zealand,
the latest news is that premises have
been secured for the opening of a
Shelter for Women in Wellington,
while plans are in preparation for a
Food and Shelter Depot in the same
City, and reformatory work for boys
and girls and the Maories. A Food
and Shelter is also in the scheme for
Christchurch. In Queensland a plan
has been prepared for extensive in-
dustrial work at River View; while another
Industrial Home will be opened in the
Colony.

When it is remembered that more
than a million cheap meals were sup-
plied in the course of the year, four
hundred thousand beds, temporary em-
ployment found for 750 persons, and
2,300 men and women passed through
the Prison Gate, and Rescue, and
Maternity Homes in the course of
twelve months, it will be readily ac-
cepted that the verdict that we have
passed upon the Australian Salvation-
ist and his leaders is not an over-
drawn one.

(To be concluded next week.)





ONE OF MANY.

By MRS. STAFF-CAPT. STANTON.

A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.—Prov. x. 1.

It was a sad Christmas in Steve's home. Every joy was shadowed by a sorrow, every pleasure by a pain; for Steve, the only son, and resolved to leave the little country home for life in a busy city.

Father's exhortations and mother's entreaties were alike in vain; Steve was bent on going. He argued that it was as bad as being buried alive to live in that place, it was too dull and monotonous for such as he; in the city success sure and certain awaited him.

He could not understand, nor did he seem to desire to, the many fears and gloomy forebodings his parents shared regarding the step he had determined to take. Despite prayers and pleadings his purpose remained unshaken, and the day was fixed, and not far distant, when Steve meant to say farewell to the "old folks" and the old place and try his luck among new friends and surroundings; hence Christmas, in that little country home this particular year was a sad one.

Close observers could easily have detected traces of tears on Mrs. Blake's cheeks many times that day. She loved her boy, and would fain have kept him under the shelter of the old roof a few years longer. As for the father, he seemed strangely silent and sad, but his sanction was given, and his boy free to pursue his long-desired course.

Steve only was excited and happy. His talk was cheery and hopeful—he intended it to be so, for he noted the unwonted sadness of his parents, and tried hard to lift the dark shadows which his premeditated action had brought there, but he did not succeed very well. He was glad when that Christmas Day was over, and the following days were spent in preparing for his transit.

At last all was ready. The packing of that little trunk had cost Steve's mother more than he would ever know. Prayers were breathed and tears were wept, which only God Himself had heard and seen. Everything was remembered—and love does remember, especially a mother's love. All that her boy needed, and all that he was likely to need, was packed with her own tender, trembling hands.

The hours sped by all too quickly for that mother-heart, and the parting moments came. They were bitter ones—made bitter by the knowledge that her God was not Steve's God, and she realized the dangers for soul and body that awaited him in that great city to which he was bound. At length the last words of advice were spoken, the last blessing breathed, the last good-bye said, the last kiss given, and Steve turned his back upon the old home of his youth and two breaking hearts.

The story of transgressors is hard.—Prov. xlii. 15.

Years had rolled away, and again it was Christmas mornning. It swept in, bearing on its snowy pinions memories bright and joyous, and memories bitter and painful. It was the latter that came with stinging remorse to Steve on that particular morning, as he stood under partial shelter at a street corner, watching the steadily-falling snow-flakes.

He was changed—greatly changed, marked not so much by Time's hand as by Sin's. His was a wondrous story—one of defeat and disgrace, with a record of broken promises and unrealized hopes. His face bore evidences of dissipation, his garments of extreme poverty. He stood there alone, with his memory. He thought of many things. Days of long ago, days of hope and innocence, days when a mother's love and a father's counsel were as a shield to him, and of that Christmas day too, when he had turned his back upon that little haven of peace and love! He compared that past with this present. Then he had all, everything that was worth having. Now he had nothing, he had lost all! Friends, situation, money, reputation,

and character—they had left him gradually, but surely. He had gone down and down until he had sunk so low that he could hardly recognize himself in the light of the past.

Yes, he had sunk low indeed, and despaired of ever "finding his feet again." The past seemed but a pleasant dream, the present a stern reality. He was homeless and hungry, and over the future there hung a black, dark shadow. He watched with absent gaze the

Even to think of her and home was torture! He could not, dare not, permit himself to do so. With a sorrowful sigh he turned on his heel and vanished within the swing-doors of the first saloon to drown his bitter reflections.

And He shall send down a Saviour and a great One, and He shall deliver them.—Isa. xlii. 20.

It wanted but two days to Christmas. Almost as soon as the officers began their day's work at the Army Headquarters one morning, a respectfully-dressed man presented himself at the Cashier's Office, and said to the Salvationist working at the desk. "Here is \$5, I want it to be spent in helping to get a few needy ones a good Christmas dinner, and I believe you are the folks that will see this done. I have known myself what it is to be hungry, and on Christmas Day, too. But that is past now."

It was Steve, but how transformed! It was the old story over again. In his daily life a star had appeared which had led him to Bethlehem's Saviour. The past was forgiven and blotted out. He

What Would Jesus Do?

What would He do with the tears that are falling?
Wipe them away.

What would He do with the dark nations calling?
Bring them the day.

What would He do with the pining in sadness?
What with the gay in their short hour of gladness?

What with the thoughtless in folly's wild madness?
Call them to pray.

What would He do when they falsely accuse Him?
Silently bear.

What when they shamefully taunt and abuse Him?
Name them in prayer.

What would He do with His love unrequited?
What when the wrongness they will not have righted?

What when the mercy is trampled and slighted?
Ask God to spare.

What would He do with the angry sea tossing?
Calm the wild wave.

What with the fearful who sink in its crossing?
Stretch forth to save.

What would He do?—see, His life-blood is streaming;
But from the storm-cloud sweet mercy is beaming;

O what compassions! for sake of redeeming,
All things He gave.

Thy life and mine, Lord, I've been comparing—
Shame covers me.

Filled with amazement that still Thou art sparing
This barren tree,

Yet in my bosom a great wish is heaving—
Everything willing to lose in such giving;

O to be doing and being and living,
Always like Thee!

hurrying passers-by, whose faces reflected the brightness of this the happiest season of the year. He had no part or lot in their joy. The light in their eyes was too great a contrast to the darkness which filled his heart. Just then, however, his attention was attracted by the well-muffled figure of an old lady passing by. Something in the Paisley shawl, the trim-tied bonnet-strings and the gold-rimmed glasses made a strange pain to seize his heart.

So like his mother was the passer-by that he was almost surprised when he saw beneath the neat bonnet features which were totally unfamiliar. But the reminder brought no comfort to his starved heart. Between the pure, sweet face that used to shine upon him from under mother's cap and his own present haggard one, his sins had built a barrier too high of shame for his love and longing to surmount.

had "found his feet again," and they were now firmly on the rock, and that rock was Christ.

His temporal prospects were bright. Sobriety and salvation had reclaimed what drink and dissipation had lost. In the well-dressed, commercial traveller, who fitted the latch of the entrance door some hours later, there was a sufficient reminder of the impatient lad who had closed it five years before to make the old couple start up with joy from the fire-side, to fling their arms around the restored Stephen. Nor was there trace of those bitter seasons of sorrow which had ensued since last they ate their Christmas dinner together. So completely had the deliverance of "a great Saviour" loosed sin's chains and obliterated the scars which they had made.

Who asks in God's name, asks for two.

The Anchor, Vancouver.

HOW IT IMPRESSED ME.

By MRS. READ.

I am constrained by an irresistible impulse to send a word or two respecting the Vancouver Men's Shelter, appropriately called "The Anchor," which is accomplishing a beautiful work, and no doubt the blessings resulting from its efforts have helped to give the Army the prestige it enjoys in the city.

I think it is a pity we do not hear more from Adjt. Patterson, through the columns of the Cry, of the good work being done, but there is every excuse for the Adjutant, as he is kept rushing from early morning till late at night.

There is a wood-yard in connection with the Shelter, where any poor man can earn the means to buy for his board if he is out of work.

"We always trust them the first night, if they are late, and let them work out the price of their bed and breakfast," said the Adjutant.

The week previous to my visit 301 beds had been supplied, and two hundred and twenty dollars' worth of wood had been sold. 46 orders, on the day of my visit had Adjt. Patterson taken in. They are kept extremely busy.

"It is one thing to say 'Go on,' another to say 'Come on, boys,'" said the Adjutant, "and then, you see, I have lots of chances to drop a word here and there about spiritual things." This has doubtless been the secret of the success achieved by Adjt. Patterson during his term in Vancouver.

Then the Shelter has a most delightful "home" element about it, which the chief officer attributes to his wife's good taste and skill. Anyway, the place is a model of bright, cheerful neatness. The paint is spotless, and one is impressed by the touch of grace the lovely British Columbia ferns give, artistically arranged as they are here and there in the hallways.

There are two grades of accommodation, and many men prefer the upper grade room to any other boarding-house. There is a reading-room connected with the institution provided for all, and Capt. Shanley, the assistant officer, gave me the opportunity one evening, of glancing into the cozy little sitting-room provided for those who make the Shelter their home.

The Anchor has doubtless been the means of spiritual and moral uplifting. I wish space or time permitted me to tell some of the interesting incidents given me by the Adjutant and his dear wife while I enjoyed the hospitality of their bright home last Sunday. Possibly I may be able to do so at some future day.



Ensign and Mrs. W. H. Meitt.

I have had the joy of serving the Lord of Life and Glory for ten years in the Salvation Army in Canada and the United States. I love the fight more to-day than ever before. I love Canada, for there God, through the Salvation Army, made me what I am to-day. I look back upon my first Christmas in the new life with thankfulness, because God not only bought me, that He not only gave His Son to save me, but also to sanctify and heal me. Hallelujah! He wonderfully healed my body about Christmas time, in the Yorkville T. H., then in charge of Adjt. Taylor, now Staff-Captain. God bless him. I loved the fight in Canada and will never forget my experience there. May God bless all our old comrades over the line. We are with you in spirit and pray for you.

One can find enough that is not good and pleasant in all; the art is to detect in them the good thing that God has put into each and means each to show forth. —F. D. Maurice.

My Journal.

By THE GENERAL.

CHIEFLY ABOUT SWITZERLAND, WITH REFLECTIONS

WRITING versus TALKING.

Saturday night, Nov. 25th, 1890.

I left off last week at Lausanne. The rest of my last mail was dreadful, and the scorching I sent off was really unworthy of the Cry. I think very much of the chance that its pages afford me, and wish I could more worthily fill the opportunity they offer. What my readers think of my productions is unknown to me. The Chief, in one of his interesting and useful papers, sincerely remarks: "When I talk, I can usually gather from the countenances of my hearers an idea as to whether what I am saying is making any impression on them or not. But when I write, that knowledge is denied me." Doubtless, the latter is true, oh Chief, but not always the former; anyway, not always on the Continent. Here you have audiences possessing, in a wonderful degree, that mastery over their faces that enables them to conceal the thoughts that are passing in their minds, or the feelings that may be gathering in their hearts.

THE NIGHT'S MEETING IN LAUSANNE.

We were crowded to the doors, and beyond. That is a privilege. People talk about the lack of interest in the Gospel, and I am not surprised that the meek and mild dilution of the blessed Gift, which is so often presented under that name, should fail to interest the go-aheadism of this age. However, I have no reason to complain of the interest taken in my Gospel, and I hope my Gospel is the right one. The audience was intelligent. The students who took to my meetings, taken alone, call out my strongest sympathy. A young man was pointed out to me to-day—a Salvationist in uniform, the son of a prominent clergyman—who is finishing his studies for the Medical Profession, with a gentleman said to be the first surgeon in Europe. When his studies are completed I hope he will be ready to help me with the great Medical Campaign I am proposing for the millions of India.

A MODEL INDOOR BAND.

The band fairly charmed me. Oh, if I could always have such music for my indoor meetings how grateful I should be, and that not for the music's sake, but for the slugging it would create. There were flutes, and bagpipes, and cornets that sounded very much like flutes, and brass instruments that were not brass, and a drum that was not a drum, and there were violins and other instruments that all together made the harmony of heaven on earth. I hope the players had as much celestial music in their own hearts as they made in my ears. God bless them! I ought to say here that all through the campaign the music has been greatly assisted by my old friend, Staff-Capt. Lundahl, the Swedish Staff Bandmaster. He is in Switzerland for his health. God comfort and restore him!

EXTRICATING A MAN FROM "HELL."

We had some wonderful cases during the day. Here is one:

Sitting opposite me in the morning was a fine-built, open-faced working-man in the prime of life. He listened very attentively to all I said, but I could not discover whether he was right or not, or whether what I said made any impression on him. Someone spoke to him in the afternoon, and then left him professing to be saved; at least, so I supposed. As the meeting went on, and the people wept and knelt and prayed at his very feet, I got more curious about him, and when he rose and put on his overcoat to depart, I sent an officer to him with the message: "The General wants to know where you are!" I watched his face as the message was delivered, and quick as thought he answered back, "I am in hell!" And quick as thought I answered back again, "Then come down here (pointing to the penitent form) and let us get you out." Then the attack commenced which ought to

have been made before. Here is his story:

He belongs to a village some fifteen miles away, and had come to hear the General. He commenced drinking from the age of eleven, and soon was known as a wild, incorrigible fellow. By-and-by he professed conversion, but, alas! fell away and became a confirmed backslider. Drinking worse than ever, fighting, rioting, and practising all manner of devilry, he got into a jail a few months ago. While in prison he proved himself a regular desperado, trying now to burn the jail down, and then to commit suicide in his cell, and then something else. The authorities of the prison were regularly set fast with him.

When he came out he was no nearer reformation, kicking up disturbances and fighting the officers at the barracks. He has two sisters Salvationists, and a third unsaved, who sat by his side this morning. As I said, an attack was made on him, but he was very bitter, and almost fought the officer, who wanted to help him. He said he was in hell and refused to come out.

In the afternoon he was there again and was louder than ever. Strange to say, he wanted his sister to go and get saved, but he would not go himself. She, on the other hand, wanted him to go, but was as firm as a rock herself. She would not be saved.

But we were not to be beaten in this way. I walked down the aisle to where he stood looking the picture of misery, with his sister standing by him. My daughter was pleading with him like an angel; but no, neither would move. I offered my hand to her; she refused it. I turned to him; he yielded straight away, and went with me to the Mercy Seat amidst the indescribable gladness of the surrounding soldiers, and when I turned round to look at him, his sister, with a broken heart, was kneeling by his side. It was a hard fight, but we got him out of hell. Oh, may God keep him from ever going in again!

We finished with twenty-four for the day. The results might have been larger, but the buildings were small. It was the best day I have as yet seen in Lausanne.

Monday, 27th.

I ought to have been all-wed a day's pause in the pace; but, no, I must away again. I had a bad night, very little sleep, and very little food. Altogether—although better than when I came into the city on Saturday—I was in poor condition for another beginning, but duty, in the shape of Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, called, and I had to obey.

The train left at 8:30; and, according to Continental usage, one must be there twenty minutes before it starts, so "puck up and into the cab you go."

BERNE, THE CAPITAL CITY.

One of the first to greet me as I stepped from the train was Brigadier Hartmann, who is in command of German-Switzerland. I was glad to find her looking better. She has fought a good fight in Finland, and I hope God will give her strength to see still greater things here.

I was kindly welcomed by the family of Mr. Vontavel, and was at once at home and at work. The son—a Professor of Philosophy in the Berne University—was converted in the Army, soon after abandoning his post for the more important position of an officer. I was glad to note the advance he had made in efficiency. If I am not mistaken, a very useful career is before him.

Afternoon.—We had only two meetings in this city. I am sorry for it. I like Berne, and have seen some glorious triumphs there. But, as there were only two battles, I resolved to make the best I could of each. The time was said to be not the most favorable for a crowd, it being the first day of the great Fair of the year, and, apart from audiences, there is usually a spirit of excitement and dissipation in the air at such times that is not friendly to religion. If the audience was only moderate, the attention was

good, and we had thirteen at the Mercy Seat.

AN INFLUENTIAL CROWD

Night.—We had a proper pack. All the Continental halls are highly decorated and lit up. A large proportion of my hearers were men belonging to a superior class of society, so far as earthly birth, breeding, and education go, and these things certainly count for something in this world. I only wish that I could secure about a thousand of them just now—that is, provided they were properly saved, sanctified, and filled with the Spirit of Jesus Christ. In the hall there were, among others:

The Ex-President of the Swiss Republic.

The Minister of Public Instruction.

The Head of the Swiss Freemasons.

The Canon of Berne Cathedral.

A number of Russian, American, Japanese, and Swiss students, and

A large number of Jews.

I preached to this audience as before composed, without exception, of sinners born to die, and doomed to perish without the salvation of the Cross. The audience, as that rested on every soul, or seemed to be really impressed. A long fight followed. The curiosity all but beat us again and again, but we made thirteen captures, and all my people retired in good spirits. Something will be heard about this battle in the days to come, or I am much mistaken.

Tuesday, 28th.

This really ought to have been a day of rest. But, no; as Paul says, "My rest remaineth." It is in the future. Oh, for patience! Still, we who have believed, and fight to consequence, do rest, even while we toil. If we have not rest of body, we have the rest experienced in the unutterable joy of doing good.

BASLE.

Received by Mr. and Mrs. Schindler with their own greeting ever accorded me in their hospitable home. Indeed, if I were an angel from heaven, they could not have shown me much greater kindness. I got a little knocking about on the whole, but, on the whole, I receive untold kindness. Oh, to be sufficiently thankful!

Night.—The soldiers' meeting. It was a grand sight. Our new barracks was filled in every corner. The soldiers gave me an affectionate greeting. My first question, as I looked over the crowd of soldiers, was, What is done with this force? I am sorry to say that no satisfactory answer was forthcoming, and yet that is the question of questions. But I dare not stay to look at it now.

I regard my soldiers' meetings as family gatherings, in which I can talk over in all plainness the shortcomings and misdeeds of the family, or, I might say, of my spiritual children. I object to do this kind of business in public anywhere. To-night there were two policemen propped up at the back, and a number of outside friends at the front.

But what about ex-soldiers? Oh, that is altogether a different thing! They belong to the family, although a present prodigals, and there is hope of bringing them home again. That meeting will never be forgotten. We finished up with seventy-six at the Mercy Seat.

Wednesday, 29th.

Three officers' meetings. My Staff reckon that they were the most useful of the series. I do not think so, but perhaps they were. Doubtless in one respect it was so, seeing that we had double the number present of any other gathering of the kind.

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-HELLBERG.

Thursday, 30th.

Morning.—Tried to overcome some fears of correspondence and literary work.

Noon.—My dear Lucy and her husband (Commissioner Hellberg) came in to dinner. The Commissioner is rallying from his accident. It is quite cheering to see him pushing about, as though still suffering from the stiffness of the injured limb. The lameness may continue, but it need not hinder his work very much. It would be so much more serious were the weakness in his brain, his lungs, his brain, or some other vital part.

If he does limp a little, he can remember that Jacob went halting down to the end of his days. And halt a little through the Commissioner may. It need not hinder him being all the

some a mighty man of war, a flame of fire, strong in faith, bringing glory to God and salvation to thousands. Both the Commissioners seem very much interested in their command, and willing—may I intensely anxious—to do all they can to make it a success.

Afternoon.—The first public gathering of the campaign in this city. The audience was in advance of last year's. We had a beautiful audience, much liberty in talking, with thirty-one at the Mercy Seat.

Night.—We were packed ten minutes before the time. It is a large, fine building, seating, they say, two thousand people. Half as many are said to have been turned from the doors. The after-meeting was freedom itself, with thirty-five at the penitent form. Although very weary, my joy was great.

(To be continued.)



Two Comrades Promoted from Harbor Grace, Nfld.

Death has again visited our ranks, and we have had to part with two more comrades.

Bro. J. C. Davis was not a soldier but was saved on his death-bed. He was a well-known resident of this town. Of late years he had followed the sea, and was master and mate of several vessels out of this port and St. Johns. He had many untimely escapes, but was permitted to return home and be ministered to in his last hours by his loving wife and daughters. His great sorrow was that so many years had been spent in sin, and his great joy was that Jesus had pardoned his sins. As his family, who are soldiers of this corps, wished it, we gave him an Army funeral. Adj. Newman, assisted by Ensign Penney and the writer, conducted the service. People of all denominations were present, and many hearts were touched. God grant they may come to the Fountain and drink of the Water of Life freely.

The next to go home was Mrs. James Davis. For some months she has been ailing, but we had no idea that she would so soon be called away. She had an impression for a long time that she was going to her Heavenly Home. At the last soldiers' meeting that she ever attended she said she felt it was the last one for her, and that she would soon be home. Weeks ago, when she was well enough to go about her house, she made me promise that I would conduct her funeral service, but I little thought that I should have to do so soon. I visited her many times, and she would always say, "If you never see me again on earth, tell them that I have gone to heaven." I was with her when she was dying, and as we were singing:

"When I'm hearing Jordan's billow,
Let Thy bosom be my pillow,"

she passed away to be with Jesus, which is far better. She wished no mourning to be worn for her, and that she would be given a soldier's funeral. Her last wishes were carried out by her sorrow-stricken husband, who is left with four little motherless ones. Our departed comrade was a devoted wife and mother, a friend to the friendless, and she was a faithful worker in the company meetings and Band of Love. When her health permitted her, she was around praying with the people in her ward. She will be missed by many, especially by her own husband and family. Still, as we heard her little boy sing along after the funeral—

"There's not a friend like the lovely Jesus,"

No, not one, no, not one."

I felt that Jesus would shepherd the little lambs.

The memorial service last night was largely attended. Bros. Whitman and Parsons gave testimony to the fact that Bro. Davis had died in the faith. And Sister E. Pike and Mrs. Nicholas spoke of the spotless life and example dear Sister Davis had lived. May God bless and comfort the sorrowing ones.—Annie Boggs, Adj.



BY BRIGADIER WM. H. COX

THE INDIAN OFFICER'S STORY.

"You will excuse me retelling my story during the relation of my story," said Capt. Yaya Baya, and at once a sympathetic assent was given. "I will also ask you to excuse the low tone of my voice, and the brevity of the story, which must be given in as few words as possible, if I am not to over-tax my strength."

The Captain's drawn face lit up as he remarked:

"Since going to India, I have appreciated a little of what Commander Booth-Tucker terms 'the luxury of self-sacrifice.' Especially was this so Christmas Day, two years ago, when, with a native Lieutenant, I had charge of a village named S—, the famine was terrible, and had been so for some time. It was a great trial to watch the very cream of the corps' soldiers dying on their feet for want of a handful of grain. The village was at its extremity. I had begged and distributed every handful of meal I possibly could, reserving for Lieutenant and myself about a quarter of a bushel or so. This made into cake, with the assistance of a little grease, we expected to tide us nicely over Christmas Day."

"The Army had done wonders, considering the limited means at its disposal, in opening free grain depots and fighting off the grim voracity, starvation, but, knowing the overtaxed condition of the war chest, I had refrained from making a special appeal for my constituency until a day or two before Christmas, when I could no longer hesitate, as to do so would have meant death to many."

"According to my calculations, if my request were promptly acceded to, the grain would arrive at K—, our nearest railway point, the day following Christmas. As far as Lieutenant and I were concerned, this arrangement would have suited us admirably, had it not been that, in response to the tearful pleadings of a distressed mother of five starving children, who seemed in monetary danger of herself collapsing in our quarters, we parted with our scant supply of meal, and ourselves became a prey to the most terrible inward gnawings one can possibly conceive of."

"We put on as brave a front as possible, had a meeting with the soldiers at night, did what we could to cheer them up, and put ourselves in the hands of the Lord for life or death."

"We knew Headquarters would respond, but did not take into consideration the number of prior appeals that had to be attended to, and the time that would naturally be consumed."

"Well, we sent off the native earlier in the morning of that Christmas Day, with many a 'God speed' and exhortation to get up all the speed imaginable after loading his bullock-wagon with the precious grain, but, lo! he returned slightly in advance of his usual time with the ubiquitous tidings that no grain had arrived."



The Lieutenant Feeding His Captain on Eat Soup.

"It would be difficult to realize the situation without actually witnessing it. I hate to say anything about it, but it seems necessary to the story, the fact is, Lieutenant and I had been living on half-rations (and less) for quite a long time, and were relying on having a good meal or two on Christmas, to help build up our strength. I felt as weak as water, but being of a wiry constitution, and more or less excited in attending as best I could to the needs of those about me, I managed to keep up so far."

"Yes, I felt a bit 'blue' at the bad

news, and going to the quarters, threw myself on the floor and thought. It was no trouble to think, but I soon found a difficulty in the way when I tried to stop thinking. My brain seemed to turn into molten metal, and my stomach to be inhabited by a nest of scorpions. I tried to rise, but could not. I thought I was dying. My mind ran back to you all, and to this promised meeting. I saw my vacant chair, and wondered who

would fill it. I remember having a frightful desire for food. After some hours of this torture, I relapsed into unconsciousness. When I awoke, it was to find the Lieutenant bending over me with something steaming in his hand, which I opened my eyes, he forced between my teeth. It was a curry of some sort, with a most strange and potent smell. The odor, however, did not trouble me, nor did I care where it came from. In fact, to this day I do not know where the Lieutenant procured it. It was food—nourishment—for which I was pining, and I begged for more and more."

"I ate, and ate, and ate, feeling that I could stow away a barrel-full. The Lieutenant—bless him!—out of the goodness of his heart, allowed me to eat more than he should have done, and I

suffered a little with stomach trouble for some time after, but that food undoubtedly saved my life. The strange odor that came from the curry was attributed to the fat's flesh with which the rice had been mixed. Under ordinary circumstances, I am not an epicure, and should have undoubtedly drawn the line at eating the flesh of a fat, but was extremely grateful for it on that particular Christmas Day."

"There is a little more to say. The blessed grain came to hand the day following, and there was rejoicing everywhere."

"God bless you, comrade," said the Major, while his mother went over to where the sick officer reclined and stroked his hair, with a suspicious moistening of the eyelids.

(To be continued.)

SOUTH AFRICA.

Salvation Army Officers with the Troops.

Territorial Headquarters, Cape Town, November 8th, 1899.

Only a fortnight ago our refugee comrades were congratulating themselves upon the probability of spending Christmas at their old homes on the Rand, and in the Orange Free State, after the din of battle had ceased and war was wholly at an end. To-day, however, there are few, if any, who imagine that the way for their return will be open so soon. There have been some extraordinary developments in the situation since my last letter, of a week ago, was mailed to the War Cry, and everything points to a prolongation of the struggle long after the expiration of the present year. Sir Redvers Buller has now been resident in Cape Town for over a week, and there are no signs of an immediate British advance, unless it be the superficial despatch of several trains almost nightly towards the north, containing, so it is said, troops of officers and soldiers and thousands of horses and mules, with their attendant drivers. There is tremendous activity at the Cape Town docks, and the first troops have made their appearance in Table Bay. In the Cape Town District alone the authorities are making provision for no less than fifteen thousand soldiers, and it is understood that at least an equal number will be temporarily located in other parts of Cape Colony before and after the final conflict which are expected to decide the future of South Africa for many years to come.

Our Commissioner has lost no time in placing himself in direct communication with the Commander-in-Chief with a view to the Salvation Army being especially represented in his God-directed operations among so large a body of men whose souls are of course our first consideration. Brigadier Midland, the Chief Secretary, has just intimated the receipt of a reply from the British Commander, officially sanctioning our proposal that

Salvation Army Officers Accompany the Troops

in the Colony. No time will now be lost in effecting the necessary arrangements for placing capable officers at the chief military centres, and in a variety of directions they may be depended upon to make their presence felt in the interests of the Kingdom. The number of our Leaguers in South Africa is daily increasing, and they will heartily co-operate with us in the good work which we have set ourselves to accomplish among the troops. Not only on the ordinary soul-saving lines, but also in the hour of conflict in attending to the sick and wounded and dying.

Naturally, there is great excitement in Cape Town, and at other important commercial centres, over the continued advance of the Boer forces in Cape Colony. As I write, places as far down as De Aar, Aliwal, Jamestown, and Queenstown are threatened, and some of our local soldiery are suffering no small personal inconvenience and discomfort as the result. The Boers are also evidently closing in on Kimberley, where a number of our officers and comrades have been wholly isolated for fully a month, about whom we

continue to be somewhat anxious, for all sorts of

Alarming Rumors are Flying About.

Those in authority, however, say that Kimberley is impregnable.

Then, again, the Boers appear to be slowly, surely, making their way into Zululand, with the result that we may at any hour hear that Major Smith and his comrades working with him in the Zululand Division are wholly cut off from us. As it is, some of our Zulu officers and native soldiery, who are within a few miles of the combatants, are suffering acutely from the present deplorable condition of affairs, and the outlook in Major Smith's Division is by no means encouraging. Everywhere the war fever is rampant, and in Basutoland and Swaziland it is difficult indeed to keep the natives well in hand. There is, therefore, an element of danger attached to the stay of our European officers in Zululand just now, but their bravery and devotion in the interests of the great Salvation War are unquestionable, and we have every confidence in God protecting each of these comrades, for whom we bespeak the special prayers of every officer and soldier in the Field.

Those who have carefully read this and my previous letters will readily imagine to what an extent our soul-saving work is being crippled by the present disastrous trouble in those directions where only a little while back there was so much activity. Corps work is now temporarily and compulsorily suspended in nearly half of the South African Territory, including the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, the Diamond Fields, and to some extent, the Natal and Zululand Divisions. We fervently pray that something will speedily happen which shall put an end to these cruel and bitter struggles, which are maddening thousands and turning men's minds from thoughts of purity and righteousness to things worthy only of the heathen and the brute, rendering countless homes desolate, deluging Africa's fair plains with rivers of blood, and seriously dislocating Christian effort on the part of every denomination.

Willawayo is still invested, but Capt. Bullman has succeeded in getting a letter through to Territorial Headquarters. From it we learn that meetings continue to be held despite every difficulty, and salvation through the precious Blood is boldly proclaimed, both inside the barracks and in the open-air. Rhodesia is

In a Favor of Excitement.

Outside the active military operations, there is very little work being done. The price of provisions has already risen fifty per cent. Throughout Mashonaland and exceedingly warlike and hostile people would undoubtedly be a lasting blessing to this part of the country, where so much blood has been shed during recent years. The Salvation Army has still a great part to play in Rhodesia and throughout Mashonaland, and here, as in other native parts of South Africa, God is going to richly bless our labors in the future. Indeed, right through South Africa the victories to come will wholly eclipse the triumphs of the past. The general feeling is that a period of unequalled prosperity will follow the

war. If that be so, depend upon it, the Salvation Army will keep pace with the general advance. No man is watching events more keenly than Commissioner Kilbey, and there will most assuredly be startling developments as soon as things political have again quieted down and the opportunity is afforded us. Meanwhile, we exercise ourselves in plenty of kneed drill, and take courage, being fully confident that "Yesterday, to-day, for ever, Jesus is the same!"

As to Natal, where most of the fighting has been carried on up till now, our

Officers are Rendering Valuable Assistance

in various ways. Some of them are displaying commendable anxiety to get right up to the battle's front, but with the almost ceaseless marching and countermarching of the troops, the destruction of railway lines, the brisk bombardments, and the stern military restrictions imposed upon all non-combatants, it has been next to impossible to accomplish this up to the present. When, however, the general advance of the British troops takes place, the Salvation Army will, it is hoped, be represented in the first fighting-line, ready to tend to the wounded, and succour and comfort the dying. Up to the present, most of those who have been injured among the opposing forces have been speedily removed either to Wynberg in the Cape Peninsula, or to Johannesburg, as the case may be.

At Durban, our officers have been busily engaged, with others, in assisting the vast body of refugees, whose condition in numberless cases is of the most pitiable character. Many have found temporary shelter in the local barracks, and even the officers' quarters have been utilized in extreme cases. A letter to Lady from Evelyn Hurley, describing the state of affairs in "Africa's Fair Garden," is of a most heartrending nature, and is evidence in itself of some of the horrors of war outside the real battlefield.

But, amid all the dark surroundings, it is a satisfaction to be able to record continued victory in the

Soul-Saving Campaign

which is now being carried on in the Cape Peninsula and in the Eastern Division, under the immediate direction of Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey. Close upon fifty souls were registered at their last week-end meetings, and throughout the Southern Province, as well as in the native Locations, a great salvation wave is sweeping over the corps, and a genuine revival has broken out.

The Commissioner has just completed his Eastern campaign, finishing up at Queenstown, to discover, on the very day of his departure, that railway communication north of that place is suspended consequent on the war. It is evident, therefore, that he will Brigadier Howe, who is accompanying him, can only return to Cape Town by way of the sea, via East London, but we have no anxiety that the Commissioner will present himself in due course at Territorial Headquarters, to set the Army machinery going at even increased speed.

During his temporary absence, Mrs. Kilbey has been the reins, and her leadership has been a real inspiration alike to the officers and soldiers.

G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.

The choice of good has been made so difficult, only to give a higher value to man, and the choice he makes.—Baron Stockmar's letter to the Prince Consort.

In proportion as the mysteries of man's goodness unfold themselves to us, in that proportion do we obtain no insight of God's.—J. D. Mozley.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. R. ROACH.

5th LESSON.—(Continued.)

We are called to live a life of holiness. We are not called to niceness, but to holiness. You can remember numberless Scriptures in which holiness is presented as at once the requirement and the characteristic of the Christian. What manner of sons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness. Be ye holy, for he that hath called you is holy. Follow peace and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. The very God of peace sanctify you wholly and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. To the end he may establish your hearts unshakable in holiness before God. Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean, from all your iniquities and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and I will give you a heart of flesh. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sin, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sin and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. Holiness is required equally whether we would see God, or whether we would walk before men to all well-pleasing, and thus as living witnesses be transcripts of his holiness. Is the question asked,

What is Holiness?

holiness? It is not the acting of a part, of a popular drama; it is the forth-putting of a character in the life. It is an exhibition in harmonious action of the holy life and filial fear, by which men work out their own salvation—Scriptural holiness, Christian holiness, the holiness which the heritage of our lecture taught and enforced both by precept and example, the holiness which we all need and must have to fit us for life and death and heaven, is to have wrought into our entire nature a Divine principle which produces in us a complete death unto sin, and effuses into our hearts a benign and holy feeling akin to that which angels experience, and which holy men in every age of the world have rejoiced in. It is to have a power implanted within us subduing our wills, controlling our desires, capturing our affections, guiding our thoughts, purifying our hearts, and sanctifying us, body, soul, and spirit. Holiness is that living principle which comes down to us from God to gird us with strength, to inspire us with hope, to prepare us for life, to qualify us for usefulness in every circle in which we may be called to move, to meet us for death, to be in us an all-conquering power that will give us the victory over all the hosts of darkness, and which will open to us the gates of heaven and give unto us an abundant entrance into the New Jerusalem. Holiness is a necessary qualification for heaven; without it we cannot see God, and this blessing of holiness is for each of us if we will seek it with anxious hearts and souls. It is not confined to any one particular person, nor does it limit itself and its privileges to any exclusive generation; it is within the reach of all. It is not beyond the grasp of the young convert who has but recently girded on the Christian armor, and just entered upon the Christian race, and the aged man, who has all but reached the heavenly goal, may be, and must be, clothed with this holiness before he can enter heaven; and it is holiness that is most needed in the pulpit and in the pew, in the family and in the school, in the shop and on the farm, in sickness and in health, in solitude and in society, in youth and in old age, in the church and in the world, and in all the walks of life. It will give the

ministers, and members, and local preachers, and class-leaders, and Sabbath-School teachers a power that will be felt in every circle in which they move. Holiness will sanctify every relationship of life. Let the minister be holy, and the love of Christ, his supremest affection, will prompt his leaving off sin, will impel him to pity sinners, will fire his thoughts, will

Make His Words Burn,

It is not the acting of a and will urge him often to cast himself before the Mercy Seat in all the importunity of unceasing prayer and supplication. Let the merchant, or the manufacturer, or man of business be holy and it will not abate his diligence, nor hold him back from riches, but it will smite down his greed for gold, it will make him abhor the fraud that is gilded, it will retrain his avarice, eschew the speculation that is hazardous, shrink from the falsehood that is customary, and check the competition that is selfish. It will utterly destroy the deceptive hand-bill, the fictitious capital, the enormous dishonesties, and the

patient prayer will finger around the cross, and ardent hope will haunt the empty sepulcher, and aching tenderness will wait on its way to Calvary, and the deep heart of love will forget all smaller solitudes in the all-absorbing question, "Where have they laid my Lord?" Let the whole world become holy, and the millennium has come, and wrong has ceased for ever, sin is destroyed, and the devil is dethroned and bound in chains which he cannot break, and fetters which he cannot burst, and never more will tempt the sons of men. Let all the human family be holy, and the tabernacle of God is with men, and earth's music will rival heaven's, and the angels of God will sing, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men." Oh, for this holiness, this gift of holiness upon ourselves, the holiness that the holy men and women of old rejoiced in possession of, that the early fathers of the Church of the Redeemer taught, that the mother of the Salvation Army lived and enforced, that the Apostles exulted in preaching, and that Christ died to procure for us? It is for us each and all, to prostrate ourselves before the throne, and before the altar, and wait until it comes, and then, surely, if we kneel, and weep, and pray, and agonize, and wrestle, and supplicate, then it shall be done, for it is the will of God that we shall be holy. My brethren and sisters, have we this holiness? Is "Holiness unto the Lord" stamped upon our hearts and lives? Are you holy as he that hath called you is holy? Are you holy in thought, word, deed, spirit,

lay in the mud, pick me up: if you don't see me in the church, pray for me." My heart is strangely warmed because of the simplicity of these people. Contact with these who burst of their own light—viz., the white people—has done much to demoralize their poor souls, yet there are chords that, when touched, vibrate, giving forth the sweetest music. Many of them will go up to swell the number that sing the "new song" around the throne of God.

Our Soldiers' Meeting.

SUBJECT: NEGLECT.
SPEAKER: ENSIGN WAKEFIELD.

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery."—1 Tim. iv. 14.

THE is very much in earnest, bringing with it each day new duties, new responsibilities, and many things that are of a very perplexing and trying nature. Amid the bustle and rush of life in this present age, there is a dreadful possibility of something that is of vital importance being neglected. Recently a backslider, after climbing again God's pardoning love, stood up and said the real cause of his backsliding was simply neglect, neglecting to attend the open-air, neglecting to speak and pray in meetings, neglecting private prayer and the study of God's word. What a sad state, to drift away from God, mistake the way to heaven, and, I fear, wake up in hell, all through neglect. Is it not a correct argument, that if a business man neglects his business, his business will soon go to the wall as a result? A neglected building will soon become a dilapidated wreck. A neglected house will soon become a hovel of despair. A neglected body, for want of proper clothing and nutritious food, will soon find its way to the grave. So a neglected soul, for the want of spiritual food, will starve and become a spiritual wreck.

The Apostle Paul's message to Timothy, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee," was sent as a word of caution and warning, for he knew so many things would employ Timothy's attention, from an outside source, that there would be a grave possibility of neglecting the inner work of grace in his own heart. This message is left on record, and handed down to us in the present age, who have to contend with many things of a perplexing nature in every sphere and calling of life, to harness the mind, and engage the attention. But there stands the unnumbered message, in letters glaring forth from the word of God, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee." These are words of caution that we must first attend to the requirements of the soul, that our first thought should be of the interest of Christ's Kingdom, as giving heed to private prayer, Bible study, the open-air meetings, with their glorious opportunities, promptly raising our voice in testimony and prayer, and promptly obeying the dictates of the Holy Ghost.

Habitual Negligence.

Oh, the power of habit! Neglect once means sure to neglect again, and thus it grows, until conscience is dulled, resulting in habitual neglect. Christ says, "But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. vi. 33.) First and foremost, above the most pressing duties of life, we must seek daily and hourly the spiritual needs of our soul. This is a safeguard to us, and will enable us to perform our other duties in life more cheerfully and with better result. We will find, while we adhere diligently to the principle of Christ first, there will be no great danger of drifting away from God.

THE LAW.

Men set at naught God's law, yet they expect everybody to keep man's law.

I read in the Globe that one of our comrades was arrested and fined for walking on the C. P. R. He failed to read the notice, consequently he didn't know the law was broken by him, yet he was fined.

Railway companies, cities, and men and women are breaking God's laws every day, and yet they think nothing about it. They fail to read God's word. How shall they escape?—Capt. Slater.



Chilkat Indians, Alaska.

little lies of trade. Let the father be holy, and then in his strong, but gentle rule, he will mould the minds of his children after him until an endearing household—comely in the final love—go out after their Father who is in heaven. Let the mother be holy, and she will confer upon her children a legacy which a mint of gold cannot purchase. Let the children be holy, and they will have higher motives of obedience than the mere constraints of duty, or than the prompting of affection. Let the Sabbath-School teacher be holy, and the scholars, seeing in him or her, the beauty of holiness, will be led to seek after the same blessing. Let the master be holy, and if he upholds his authority he will dispense untold blessings. Let the servant be holy, and duty will be rendered with cheerfulness, not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of eye and heart, fearing God. Let the young woman be holy, and her chief adorning will not be in gold and pearls, and costly apparel, but the hidden man of the heart, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Let the young man be holy, and then his time, and talents, and life, and his all will be laid upon the altar and fully consecrated to the service of God. Let the husband be holy, and he will be a better husband—more kind, forbearing and affectionate. Let the wife be holy, and, if possible, she will be a better wife, more meek, and patient, and loving. Let the whole man be holy, and then vigorous health, lofty intellect, swaying eloquence, unquenchable love, mighty faith, fervent piety, and burning zeal will all be consecrated to God. Let the woman be holy, and then

aims, and aspirations? Oh, for this gift of holiness upon the General, Commissioners, officers, and soldiers of the Salvation Army, upon all the churches, and ministers, and mission-aries of every land, and we will soon win the world for Christ and heaven! Are you holy? May God baptize us with the spirit of holiness!

(To be continued.)

THE SIWASH SUSCEPTIBLE TO GOSPEL INFLUENCE.

By ADLT. MCGILL, Skagway, Alaska.

We have had nine conversions among the Indians. We devote Monday evening of each week to them, speaking and praying through an interpreter, and had a full house last night. They are great talkers, and their talking abounds in homely, yet clean and forcible illustrations.

For instance, one of the converts, in explaining how weak he was, said, that he was walking on slippery ice, and unless they threw sand on the ice he would fall. In this way he asked their prayers. (No doubt he never heard of getting sharpshod—viz., "He shall make my feet like hinds' feet.")

Another, speaking of his being saved from pride, said, "I am not above you, I am under your feet."

There is something expressive in the saying of another, who said, "I am running after God."

Speaking of preaching the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, another said, "His preaching is just like a warm stove to me."

A woman, just converted, said, "If I

at the altar.

AMMUNITION



Weekly Watchword:

God's Questions.

Lord, Thou art speaking—"Lovest thou Me?"
 "Master, Thou knowest," my answer must be;
 And since love's value is proved by love's test,
 I will surrender my dearest and best.

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

Where Art Thou?—Gen. III. 9.
 This is God's first question to the sinner. It suggests no deficiency in the all-knowledge of God, for He is aware just now far from His slippery road the soul has trod, but He wills that a sinner's condemnation should be through his own lips. It is absolutely essential for the soul to discover its true standing before seeking and finding salvation. When a man sees and acknowledges his relationship towards righteousness and sin, there is hope for his gaining the former and escaping from the latter.

MONDAY.

Why Thou be Made Whole?—John V. 6.
 The weight of an eternal choice hangs behind this question. How much depends upon the answer! To the hapless man in this story He meant either complete restoration to health or hopeless invalidism, the greatest torture of which would be found in the thought of "what might

have been." To the sin-sick soul it means all the difference between a perfect cleansing from sin's disease and the stunted pollution of a sin-stricken state.

TUESDAY.

What is That to Thee?—John xxi. 22.
 This question was Christ's answer to undue curiosity on the part of His disciples. Its unanswerable nature was in itself the reply. To those who quibble at the prominence or privileges of others, Christ still has for them this grave reproof and reminds them of their own individual responsibility to fulfil their own duty while leaving others to take care of their own.

WEDNESDAY.

Why Did ye Not Believe?—Matt. xxi. 25.

This will be Christ's question to the sceptics of the 19th century. With the world crowded with evidences to the saving realities of salvation, what reason will these latter-day unbelievers return for their failure to accept the greatest truths of the universe? In that Day when the secrets of all hearts shall be opened the excuses of doubt will be swept away and too many answers have to be "Because we would not."

THURSDAY.

Why Persecutest Thou Me?—Acts ix. 4.

This was God's question to the unrighteously zealous Paul, on the road to Damascus. Of those who, with more covert persecution, annoy the contrite followers of the Cross in our times Christ asks the same question, thereby at once making the offence the more serious one of insult to the Master rather than to the servant.

FRIDAY.

When Will Ye be Wise?—Ps. xciv. 8.

God's questions never exact from the soul more than the soul is really able to give. He does not demand from all the manifestation of the genius which He has given to some, but He does look for that A B C of spiritual understanding which can realize the relative importance of right and wrong, and the initial responsibilities of man towards his Maker.

SATURDAY.

What Shall a Man Give in Exchange for His Soul?—Mark viii. 37.

Would that those who are centering their affections and ambitions upon treasures which must mean the price of their soul, would look their substitutes in the face in the light of the above question. God does not will that men should lose their eternal peace with their eyes closed—He confronts the conscience with such a question that it may realize the unequal bargain it is making before it is for ever too late.

A Retrospect of God's Goodness

Deut. viii. 2.

There is nothing more profitable before the onset of a new year than a conscientious mental review of the old. New vows are better made and kept if the former are remembered. Counting joys and sorrows and their true balance when weighed by the varied experiences of the past. We are not so likely to be unduly pre-occupied by the hours that are pleasant, or unnecessarily cast down by the hours that are sad.

Looking back over the twelve months now closing in the light of this week's lesson, deep gratitude is the strongest feeling excited. There is not a day which has not been characterized by the guidance and goodness of God, while their blessings have been showered upon the world through '99, in a special sense they have endowed those of us who are His children.

God's Guidance.—As we step back and survey in thought the steps which we have taken under Divine leading,

we are amazed with the magnitude of His mercy. But, after all, how little we can recollect of the whole, for how little, after all, have we really known of this guidance. How often has it protected us from dangers which we did not see, how many opportunities and privileges we deemed opened up to us by our own choice, have really been revealed to us by the inspiration of God's Spirit within. And if in temporal things God has been our continual protection, how much more in spiritual necessities. What numberless temptations All-knowing Love has led us from, knowing that they would be too much for our weak strength to withstand, and through what a train of circumstances best calculated to keep alive and vigorous the soul-life within, has His preservation brought us. Only the light of Eternal Day will reveal how absolutely we are indebted to God's Hand for all of safety and salvation that has been ours during the past year.

God's Goodness.—We can never measure it, never know its limits, though our very breath is bestowed by it, and all we have of liberty and joy and power are derived from it. It has been so undeserved, too often unappreciated, and so seldom returned by that only return which man can make to His Maker, the thankfulness of a contrite and devoted heart.

On the threshold of the New Year as we say farewell to the one now passing, mingled feelings take possession of each heart. Whatever of real harm has come to us has been our own fault. For with God, even the sorrows of life are sanctified and the trials changed to triumphs.

"All is of God. If He but wave His hand,

The mists collect, the rain falls, thick and loud,

Till with a smile of light on sea and land,

Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;

Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;

Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,

Against His messengers to shut the door?"



THE OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL.

"And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood."—Rev. vi. 12.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieut. Nell Anderson, of Winnipeg Shelter, to be Captain.
Lieut. Draper, of Larimore, to be Captain at Minot.
Lieut. Nashitt, of Kamloops, to be Captain.
Lieut. Ziebarth, of New Whatecom, to be Captain.

Appointments—

ENSIGN WALKER to take charge of Toronto I. (old Richmond St.).
Lieut. Tudge, of the Shelter, St. Johns, Nfld., to be Captain at Carbonear.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Crowded Out.

We were fortunate to secure an excellent number of contributions for our Christmas edition, more, in fact, than we could possibly crowd into its twenty-eight pages. Some of these articles we print in this issue, viz.: "Between the Devil and the Deep Sea," by Adjt. Page; and "One of Many," by Mrs. Staff-Capt. Stanton, as well as the continuation of Brigadier Cox's interesting story.

We have now also in our possession the MSS. of "Wanted—A Boy," written by the graphic pen of our former Editor and beloved comrade, Brigadier Complin. We shall begin the first issue of 1900 with this interesting story as well as introduce other special features to the War Cry. Other contributions, which were received too late, will appear from time to time.

Thanks.

We cannot let pass this opportunity of thanking our contributors for their Christmas article. We are pleased to say that we have a number who are always ready—no matter how rushed with the duties of their position—to "make time" for writing for the War Cry. Foremost among them is our own beloved Commissioner, Miss Booth, whose articles are widely read and have frequently been reprinted. Nearly all our chief officers readily responded to invitations, or forwarded contributions from their pen voluntarily. We have also a number of Field and District Officers who bring joy to the Editor's heart by their willing response. There are others—tell it not in Gath—who have literary ability, but who tie up their talent in a handkerchief. We are bemoaning for a deeper work of grace in their hearts.

The Massey Hall Again.

Miss Booth has engaged the magnificent Massey Music Hall, of Toronto, for another unique demonstration to be conducted there on Thursday, February 1st. The subject of the Commissioner's address is "The Lover's Walk Illustrated," and it will be very strikingly illustrated by object lessons, representations, scenery, exercises, music, and song. A large number of children in white will take prominent parts in it. The program has not been fully arranged in its details, but from those outlines and fragments of it which have been definitely decided, we can unreservedly promise one of the most interesting, happy, instructive, and blessed meetings. The announcement of Miss Booth's presence and ad-

dress in itself is sure to bring a great crowd, but the special features to be locally announced will greatly enhance her address, and should prove as attractive as other meetings conducted in the Massey Hall. Watch for further announcements.

FAREWELL, PACIFIC!

Brigadier Howell Says Good-Bye to his Province.

(By wire.)

Brigadier Howell bade a final and affectionate farewell to his Western officers and troops to-night. Barracks filled with a sympathetic and enthusiastic crowd, which cheered and volleyed in response to the Brigadier's address. All regret his leaving. Our love and prayers follow him.
Brigadier spoke in glorious terms of his successor—Staff-Capt. Gage.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General has returned to London after having been fourteen days in France and Switzerland on a campaign which the numerous renders of his "Journal" must have followed with intense interest and increasing gratitude to God. The General is much better in health than was anticipated.

Mrs. Booth opened the Sale of Work at the Farm Colony on Monday, Dec. 11th at 3 p.m., followed by a tea in the library at 4.

Majors Mitchell, of the Property Department, and Jolliffe, of the Subscribers' Department, are now Brigadiers.

The Chief of the Staff spent a glorious day with three hundred Local Officers in Sheffield. Colonel Eadie and Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay assisted.

The latest English Cry gives special prominence to the Social Scheme. The General makes a strong appeal for funds to carry on the great work.

500 bandmen took part in the Musical Festival at the Congress Hall on Saturday, Dec. 9th, at which the Chief of the Staff presided.

UNITED STATES.

At the Commander's latest holiness meeting in New York City, the subject was "Christian Idols." Ten souls came forward to seek deliverance.

Among the requisites for the immense dinner to 20,000 children, were the following: 1,000 pairs shoes, 3,000 lbs. nuts, 4,000 lbs. crackers, 50 barrels apples, 4,000 lbs. turkey, 8,000 lbs. chicken, 15,000 lbs. beef, 500 barrels potatoes, 8,000 loaves bread, 4,200 pies, etc., etc.

Among the latest Shelter openings are: a Shelter and Salvage Brigade in New Brunswick, a Women's Shelter in Jersey City, a new Shelter in Los Angeles, a Brooklyn Labor Bureau, and a Shelter in Schenectady.

It is reported that the son of Governor Smith, of Montana State, was saved at an Army hospital in Chattanooga, Tenn.

AUSTRALASIA.

The grand total of \$125,500 was realized by this year's Self-Denial scheme. The result is magnificent, and calls for unbounded praise. The

West Ontario Allame.

(Press Telegram.)

Magnificent tour. London, 22 souls. St. Thomas, 5. Windsor, 14. Chatham, 10, making a total of 54 up to the present. Still there's more to follow. Meetings having wonderful effect upon the Province. Lieut.-Col. Margetts upheld and swaying crowds by his inspired utterances. Now marching on to Simcoe and Hespeler. Look out for further reports. Brigadier Pugmire.

DOES THIS MEAN YOU?

A home is needed for a bright little boy of five years. Apply
Brigadier Mrs. Read,
Temple, Toronto.

returned from America, together with Ensign Axzell, have for a time taken charge of the Women's Training Home.

Colonel Musil has been much used of God in the saving and cleansing of many souls in his tour through Scandinavia.

The Turkish Bath-house, taken over some time since from the municipal authorities of Stockholm, by Commissioner Oliphant, is proving an immense success. Last month no less than 4,105 baths were taken, making the phenomenal total for the nine months of 31,634.

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

During the meetings conducted by the General in the Salle Aubert, and in the Salle des Agriculteurs de France in Paris, eighty-eight souls came forward seeking a pure heart at the foot of the Cross.

One of the most interesting parts of the French War Cry, "En Avant," is the weekly article written by Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg, entitled "From Heart to Heart." These articles are full of vivid and blessed suggestions.

A new city in Switzerland is going to open its doors to the Army. It is the little industrial city of Baschovszell. This will make a total number of 48 corps in the German Province of Switzerland.

After the visit of the General in Switzerland Commissioners Booth-Hellberg will visit every corps in that country.

ITALY.

The authorities begin to understand the importance of our work in this country. At Turin a man, who, despite reiterated advice had been disturbing our meetings, was placed under arrest by the police, sent to jail for five days and fined ten dollars.

A new hall has been rented in the Svezza. The new corps will soon be opened.

The work is going forward and gives great promise. The officers are full of enthusiasm. Two new Lieutenants have received marching orders for Bologna and Leghorn.

NOVEL READING.

MY EXPERIENCE OF IT.

I remember when I was a slave to novel reading. It did not matter what kind of a book it was, I got so fond of reading generally that I would read any book for information. I can't say that I cared much for the Bible. I remember picking it up several times, and throwing it down again as a very dry book for me. I have read what some people would call good novels, and I have read all kinds of trashy and bad novels, and enjoyed myself greatly in a very miserable way. I have been so occupied and infatuated in reading those foolish books that I couldn't hear for anyone to interrupt me. But I praise God that through His convicting Spirit, I was led to repentance, and accepted by faith pardon and deliverance from all my sins, through the Blood of the Crucified One. I praise God my affectional and desires are now fixed on things above. My desire now is to read the word of God, and any book that would be a help and blessing to me and others. I cannot understand professing Christians reading all kinds of foolish stories and novels. I feel that I have no desire or time for such reading. Praise God for salvation from this. From doubtful things, and from everything that would hinder us in our progress in the divine life, and our influence with those whom we come in contact with from day to day. May the Lord bless these few words, be my prayer.
—Trens, Caslin, Halifax, I.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner Kilbey, of South Africa, has set apart officers to meet every down-country train arriving at the railway terminal at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London and Durban, in order to offer assistance to refugees immediately on their arrival at these places.

An officer represents the Army on every relief committee in the country. Commissioner Kilbey writes: "The authorities are finding that the management of the refugees is no holiday business, and at East London the whole of the women-refugees are under the direction of one of our women." The hands of Brigadier Rauch, our Social Secretary, are as full as possible with relief work.

SWEDEN.

There are at present 100 Corps Cadets.

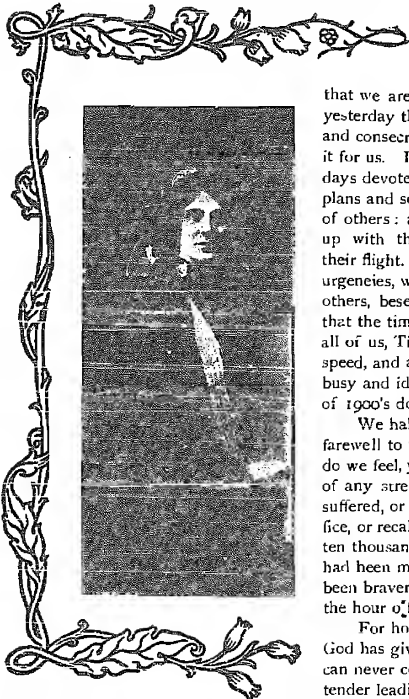
The Women's Shelter has been opened, but is not large enough for the great need.

Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant has started "The Lord's Bread-basket" for those who feel disposed to give a loaf every week for the Shelter. Someone gathers the loaves, or they are sent directly to the Shelter.

Staff-Capt. Hildur Karlson, lately

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

To the Troops of Her Territory.



THE distant chiming of bells ringing out the old year and ringing in the new, remind us that our feet are about to pass one more milestone on life's journey. We can scarcely believe that we are in the closing hours of another year. It seems but yesterday that we knelt in the solemn hush of its first moments and consecrated ourselves to whatever God's love might bring in it for us. Its days have flown. For thousands they have been days devoted to the battles of our holy war, or crowded with plans and schemes for the building of His Temple in the hearts of others: and the flying months have met and left us too taken up with the claims of an on-rushing eternity to stay to mark their flight. Some of us, in the heat and strain of a thousand urgencies, would that the days had been twice their length, while others, beset by circumstances of suffering or grief, have longed that the time would hurry them on to a happier future. But for all of us, Time's pendulum has swung to and fro with inexorable speed, and at this solemn season, the world with its burden of busy and idle, blest and sad, rich and poor, crosses the threshold of 1900's door.

We halt for a moment at the parting of the ways to speak farewell to the past before saying welcome to the future. What do we feel, you and I, my comrades, as we look back? Regretful of any strength expended, any toiling service given, any loss suffered, or secret conflict waged? Would we withhold the sacrifice, or recall the tears which others' gain may have asked? No! ten thousand times no! We would that our share of the fight had been more worthy of record in Heaven; would that we had been braver, more true, more self-sacrificing, more to the front in the hour of danger, and the deepest needs of a world's distress.

For how poor and paltry looks our best by the side of what God has given to us, even through this past twelve months! We can never count the manifestations of His wondrous goodness, tender leadings, and powerful aid that the year's record reveals.

How He has loved us, how He has helped us, making up for human weakness by all-sufficient grace; standing by us in the crowd, and leaving us not when alone: acknowledging our every effort, and magnifying our smallest toil. What hearts should pulsate with fuller, deeper gratitude than ours, for what God has given us to experience, allowed us to do, and permitted us to see, in the conquest which has crowned our Flag and Fight, during the past twelve months?

Yet, let me ask you to guard against being so pre-occupied with the victories of the past as to neglect seeking, and so miss obtaining, what Heaven has to give at this season, to fit you for a greater, grander and more glorious future. I cannot help being specially and tenderly interested in those who are the warriors of my own Territory, the soldiers of my charge standing near to me in the strife, and sharing in the weight of the burdens of our war—many of your faces come up before me as I write. The thought of your faithful service fills my heart with strongest desire that blessings, rich and choice, may be given you at this season, equipping you for the needs of 1900.

Don't step into the new, untrodden year before you without getting some marked and definite blessing to your own soul. We know not what it may bring—what test to the faith—what temptation to the soul—what sorrow to the heart—what bereavement to the home. Don't start its struggle without spotless garments, without an unwavering confidence in God, without a fresh binding of your spirit to the deathless purposes of Calvary. Fill the dying moments of the old year with a consecration which will thrill Heaven with joy, and Hell with fear. Then cross the boundary of the passing field and take possession of the new, with your heart knit to the heart of your comrade, your hand on the Flag which waves for the world's Salvation, and your eye fixed upon the eternal mastering ground of Heaven's own land.

Stand for God! Face the foe! Live for others! Fight and win!

Yours with you for this,

Margarette Robb

Field Commissioner.

The South African War.

The war in South Africa assumes a more serious proportion each week. British troops have been poured into South Africa. The Canadian Contingent has arrived and ordered forward to Orange River Station, which is south of Kimberley. The Boers are still besieging Port Tait to the north (Rhodesia), Mafeking, Kimberley, and Ladysmith. Occasional sorties have been made by all of these besieged garrisons, those of the Ladysmith force meeting with the best success, having destroyed some of the Boer siege rammets and captured a machine gun. The British forces are operating in four main divisions.

General Methuen has advanced from Cape Town along the Cape-Bulawayo Railway, crossed the Orange River, fought four battles, the three first of which—Belmont, Gras Pan (Enslin), and Modder River—were victorious, although accompanied with heavy casualties; but the last engagement, at Magersfontein, was a serious check, resulting in a loss of nearly a thousand men. The Boers are strongly fortified and seem determined to offer a strong resistance to the relief column, while Kimberley is still closely besieged.

Generals French and Gatacre are operating against the Boer forces who have crossed the Orange River and invaded Cape Colony, where they have received large reinforcements from the Cape Dutch farmers. General French has advanced along the railway running from Port Elizabeth northerly to Colesberg, Bloemfontein, and Pretoria, and holds the important railway junction, Naauw Poort, while the Boer forces are reported to be strongly entrenched at Colesberg. No general engagement has been fought by General French so far.

General Gatacre operates in a district more easterly, and mostly affected by disloyalty of Dutch farmers. His line of communication is a railway from East London to seaport, to join the main line to Pretoria, to the north of the Orange River.

General Gatacre advanced towards Mafeking recently with a view to surprising the Boers, who were reported to be entrenched near by. Through some mistake of the policeman, who acted as guide, the British walked into a trap and were repulsed with heavy losses; over 600 men were taken prisoners.

The forces comprising the fourth column were landed at Durban, Natal, and are now amounting to about 30,000 men, under the direction of General Buller, the Commander-in-Chief of all the British forces in South Africa. The immediate object of this division is the relief of Ladysmith, where General White, with nine thousand troops, is besieged. The Boers are strongly entrenched in the mountains round about Ladysmith and across the Tugela River near Colenso, where they have blown up the railway bridge. General Buller attempted to ford the river on Dec. 15th, but was repulsed by the Boers who were hidden in the river, and who shot particularly at the horses and gunners of the artillery, which lost eleven guns, and loss of 1,150 in killed, wounded and missing.

General Roberts has been appointed as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in South Africa, with Lord Kitchen as Chief of Staff. These are two of the best Generals of England.

The most recent events have been a series of reverses which have cost heavily. One of the finest regiments of Great Britain, the Black Watch, was almost annihilated. The Salvation Army had fifty members of its Naval and Military League in its ranks, many of whom have doubtless fallen as victims of the war.

It is a pitiful business at best. As the General said: "If the British win, I lose; if the Boers win, I lose." The Salvation Army has many of its members in this strife. "We surely know for whom we shall pray the better: for the Salvationists in arms against each other on both sides, or for those thousands who are not ready to die," the Field Commissioner prayed the other day at noon-day knee-drill. Let us all fervently pray that peace may be hastened and this dreadful slaughter between two professedly-Christian nations be terminated.

LONDON LIFTED.

LT.-COL. MARGETTS AND BRIGADIER PUGMIRE
LEAD ON THE LONDON FORCES.

Desperate Battles—Glorious Victories—The Enemy Driven Back—
Twenty-Two Souls Captured—The Colonel's New Song.

London was all excitement when it was blazed abroad that these two desperadoes of salvation warfare, the Territorial Secretary and the Provincial Officer of West Ontario, would conduct a three days' campaign in the Chelid here. They came to us with a great hungering and thirsting which could only be satisfied by souls being captured from the enemy's ranks.

At the first engagement on the Saturday night, the forces turned out in good fighting view to the land to the front, blowing and blasting those in instruments as though they meant business. Half-an-hour in the open-air whetted the soldiers' appetites for the inside bombardment. The hall was crowded. The Colonel and Brigadier were welcomed as only those who have waged a good warfare, and won the hearts of the people, can be welcomed. The Colonel introduced a new weapon that has wounded many hearts—the song, "My name is Mother's Prayer." At the close three fell at the Cross.

A Good Sunday.

Sunday the weather was against us, and yet one would hardly realize that it was wet outside when the doors opened on such crowds inside the Citadel. Sunday morning seemed to be a preparation for the afternoon and evening conflicts. The Brigadier spoke of some great soul-winners whom he had known, and mentioned his love for the Colonel on account of his one all-absorbing desire to see souls saved. And one could see that they were "United to Win." The Colonel talked with much power and feeling, and vividly portrayed the likeness of those who are marked for the service of the King. He gave a strong, earnest, and tender appeal for others to come and have this mark in their foreheads. It was a beautiful day, and one came to be filled with the Holy Ghost and made ready for service.

In the afternoon a crowd of old friends met to give the Colonel an enthusiastic welcome back to his old battleground, he having been stationed in London some three years ago. Gospel bombs were fired by our two loved leaders, and their singing together of "He loved me, I cannot tell why," was calculated to strike deeply into

Seventeen at Night.

the hearts of the people. And what shall I say of the pitch-in at night? Did London ever witness such a grand and glorious achievement? This engagement lasted far upwards of four hours, and here and there all over the building we could see that almost every spot was taking effect. The Brigadier piloted the prayer meeting, and they began to surrender—one, two, three, four—then a volunteer fell with a heavy thud at the Mercy Seat—five, six, seven, eight, nine—then an older sister was seen bringing a younger, and putting her arm around her neck, dealt with her at the penitent throne. One by one they came until seventeen grounded their arms of rebellion at the feet of our Lord and King.

The songs of victory and the shouts of the soldiers at the close of the day's conflict were an inspiration to us all to go forward in the battle. And, almost three out, having unceasingly fought the day's fight to the finish, our dear Colonel and Brigadier, like two brothers in Israel, sat on the platform and smiled and looked on with satisfaction, while one after another jumped to their feet and told of personal victories and blessings experienced during the day. A dear old soldier was rejoicing because his daughter had surrendered to God. Women in different parts of the building wept tears of joy as they told of their children being at the Mercy Seat that night. From J. S. Sergeant, Major was jubilant on account of some of his Juniors coming over on the Lord's side. New converts, with their faces beaming, proclaimed victory, and it was some time before we could all together "Praise God from

Whom all blessings flow," and go home.

Monday evening the Colonel and Brigadier spent a short and pleasant time with the Juniors; then came their last meeting with us. The crowd clapped and cheered again and again as they sang their songs of victory and played concertina selections. To those in distress and danger they especially talked. There was an intensity of feeling throughout the building during their last moments with us, tears standing in the eyes of many, and we separated after having seen twenty-two souls surrender.

The Colonel and Brigadier are both much loved in London, and the forces of London corps promise them a hearty and enthusiastic welcome at their next visit.—Red Ridgemoor.

Vancouver Victories.

Triumphant Campaign of Brigadier Mrs. Read—
League of Mercy Organized—Enrollment of
Soldiers—Rescue Home Promised.

Saturday night and all day Sunday, the 2nd and 3rd of December, we have had with us Brigadier Mrs. Read, Woman's Social Secretary for Canada. Many of us remember with pleasure and profit the Brigadier's two visits in '24, and we have been looking forward in joyful anticipation to her coming.

With all the Brigadier's sweet, beautiful brightness, we detect the tears of interior suffering, with all its retelling, ennobling, and softening influences. "God's choicest wreaths are always wet with tears." Our joys are always of sorrow, our crowns come of crosses, and our strength is made perfect in weakness. During the Brigadier's stay we feel we have listened to the outpourings of a soul on fire with love for Christ and for the suffering, perishing souls for whom He died. The Brigadier is intensely earnest, a woman whose mind is saturated with rich, beautiful thoughts, to whom God is a living, burning fact; one whose soul is a furnace of long-suffering, patient love for Christ's bewildered, wandering sheep, who reflects in her life the heaven in her soul.

Her addresses were the spontaneous eloquence of the heart, and whether spiritual or social, they had one single purpose—the glory of God and the salvation of souls. The boldness address was a particularly soul-searching one. Many sure spots were tenderly and lovingly touched, and we trust cleansed and healed. Listening on Sunday afternoon, to this woman of God pleading for the class whose social and spiritual salvation has become the work of her life, we detected the tears of sympathy in her voice, and our hearts have been touched by the deep, pathetic tone and refined, simple language. We understand religion means following Christ, and Christ ministered not to Himself, but to others.

The evening meeting was packed from platform to door. First, an enrollment of soldiers, then the commissioning of the League of Mercy officers, after which the Brigadier delivered a powerful and a soul-stirring address. The audience was spell-bound most of them stayed to the afternoon.

She has cheered, strengthened, and encouraged the officers and soldiers; souls have been won; a Rescue Home has been promised, at least, so I understand, and the people of Vancouver will not soon forget the strong, pathetic words of pity and compassion, preceding, as they certainly do, from a deep heart capable of intense feeling, and from a cultured mind spiritualized and filled with the spirit of deep wisdom.—Our of the Soldiers.

Faith is the soul's ballast in the storm of fear.

FARGO FAVORED.

The Territorial Secretary Pays a Visit to the
Dakota City—Major Southall Leaves
an Impression.

The visit of the Territorial Secretary to Fargo was in every way a success, and much enjoyed by all. The only drawback was the unavoidable absence of our genial P. O. Major Southall. The Major did not leave us, however, until he had deeply impressed us with his unlimited command of language.

The Colonel managed to rest up a little during the day, and was at his best in the meeting at night. The hall was full, and the audience drank in eagerly every word of the Colonel's telling address. The stiffness that is generally apparent at the beginning of a meeting of this description was soon overcome, and as the Colonel proceeded with his earnest, fiery appeal, smiles and tears were much in evidence. Conviction was stamped on many faces, and the God had His own way in the hearts of the people, many souls would have decided that night.

I have never heard the Colonel better, and Fargo folks will not forget him when he comes again. I might just add that our Corps and District targets are things of the past. All missed up. Next!—J. Barr.

THE WEST FROM MY POINT OF VIEW

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

Butte City New Home.

The constant rush which is inevitable in the performance of the many duties devolving upon me in such a tour as the present one has made impossible a report of my visit to Butte.

Though in justice to the work it should have been reported earlier, the Rescue Home is an accomplished fact. Ensign Kerr and Ensign Soper have worked indefatigably, and when I arrived I found a delightfully bright and cheerful house all ready to receive those for whom it is established.

The house is homelike in every sense of the word, and will, I am sure, be a very haven to many a poor, derelict, and it is not opened before it is needed. Oh, the great need in Butte City—fifteen hundred poor women living lives of shame! How my heart bled all the time I was there as I thought of the task before my dear comrades, but God is going to give them the hearts of the girls, and I trust many of them as seals to their ministry.

The Ministerial Association, to which I was invited, the ministers were very much interested in the work and expressed their intention of using their influence with their congregations to create a practical, sympathetic interest in the Home. The Home will be much more central than when at Helena, and will be known as the Montana State Home.

Ensign Kerr still requires financial assistance to finish clearing off the initial expense, and I hope the Butte friends will respond liberally.

Adj. and Mrs. Gale were most hearty in their co-operation, and by their efforts greatly facilitated the efforts of the Rescue Officers.

Spokane "Liberty Home."

The Field Commissioner has decided that all the Women's Social Institutions have special applications. The name by which the Spokane Home will be known in the future is Liberty Home. May—as its name suggests—within its walls liberty be proclaimed to many captive souls.

A magnificent work has been going on here. During the past year 31 inmates have been cured for 25 of whom have been children. This work has been achieved at a cost of less than thirteen hundred dollars. Dear Mother Langtry and her officers have toiled incessantly, and their loving labors have been much blessed of God.

Unfortunately, Adjutant Langtry's health has been in a precarious condition, and she is compelled to rest. She is faring ill immediately.

Ensign Soper, too, has been ill, but is now rapidly recovering.

Capt. Thoen and Sergt. McChausland have both rendered faithful and effective service. We very much need a

more commodious house for our work in Spokane. I went to inspect one admirably suited to our work which I hope we may be able to secure. We have the hearty co-operation of the city officials in Spokane, and our Home seems to enjoy the confidence of citizens generally.

We are receiving a small grant from the county and are appealing to the city to subsidize our work from municipal funds.

Ensign Ogilvie, who has spent two years of faithful service in Winnipeg, takes charge of Spokane Home. My visit to Spokane will live long in my mind. In spite of pouring rain we had good crowds. At night, on Sunday, the service lasted four hours. At 10 o'clock the barracks were crowded. How those dear comrades pleaded, and prayed for souls! And we were not disappointed, for three men got saved before we closed the meeting.

Staff-Capt. Gale represented the Province throughout the campaign, in the absence of the Brigadier, who is farewelling. The hearty welcome of the Staff-Captain, his dear wife, and the officers will not soon be forgotten. Old friends from the East will be glad to hear of the welfare of Ensign Bloss, just returned from the Klondike, and Adj. and Mrs. Alward, who, with their lovely little Wilfred, are well and happy, and are doing beautifully in the Men's Social Department.

Soldiers' Tea and Farewell Meeting at Dovercourt.

Everybody was feeling extra glad over our 2nd-District effort in Dovercourt, so Capt. Poole decided to celebrate the victory by having a soldiers' tea. Major and Mrs. Turner very kindly consented to be present. We had a proper good time together.

After the refreshments were over, Major congratulated the corps on the splendid victory we had achieved—\$35 over our target—and believed we would be the winners by it in every respect. The success represents the cheerful and united effort of the whole corps. Everybody took part.

Sister Price was announced to farewell for the Garrison. Several comrades spoke of her high character and as a soldier and Local Officer, and Adj. Adams, on behalf of the corps, presented her with "The Life of Mrs. Booth" and a Song Book. Sister Price has been connected with Dovercourt for a number of years, and in leaving carries with her the prayers and best wishes of all.

In the public meeting which followed five recruits were enrolled. They have proved their shrewdness and faithfulness in the past few months, and are received by every comrade as soldiers in our midst. Dovercourt is in for advancement.—Longfellow.

ATTENTION!

Several comrades and friends have enquired for the motto, "Christ is the Head of this House," etc. We were unable to get this motto for some time, but are pleased now to announce that we have it in two sizes—8 1/2 x 11 1/2 @ 20c, and 10 x 25 @ 35c. (postage 5c, extra) We have also a splendid selection of New Year's mottos at 5c, each. Send to Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?

PROPERTY DEEDS?

MORTGAGES?

INSURANCES, AS

LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR

CREDITORS, OR

MORTGAGEES?

If SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Brunson, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.



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OBSTANT I

LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

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A SIX HOURS' STORY.

By ADJUTANT PAGE.

FIRST HOUR.



of chorister throats there mounted in
the fretted roof the more triumphant
cadence of the verse—

"Our hosts have shared and crossed the
sea,
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransomed hosts are free."

"What does that mean?" whispered
one of the choristers pointing to the
first line, in the brief breathing space al-
lowed by an interlude in the music.

"Crossing of the Red Sea, of course,
silly," was the impatient response.

"My, old Misses must have felt queer
between Pharaoh and the water. Guess
he didn't know which way to turn.
Good thing folks don't get in such fixes
nowadays."

There was no answer, Philip's com-
panion being engaged in the engrossing
study of curving his initials upon the
oak choir stall. Two minutes later and
both speakers were shushing their parts
with that infantine subtilty of expres-
sion which seems associated with a
white robe on a youthful form. Twenty
minutes later both surprised and saintly-
ness are alike cast aside, and with their
dolling the rough and tumble nature of
the average boy has returned in force.

Amonged the group of loiterers in the
Cathedral close, two lads with linked
arms, immediately attract notice. The
fair, frank face of the younger is raised
in eagerness to listen to the words of
the other, a slight, dark-skinned lad,
whose face is the index of a disposition
of daring and ability, qualities which
make a lad of any age in his compa-
ny's eyes, and give him a degree of
ascendancy over them.

"Just a private thing, you know," the
latter is saying, "but all the same, it's
sure to be good. I'll get you a ticket."
"It's awfully kind of you, Gus," says
Philip. "I've never seen inside a theatre
but often wanted to. There's one thing,
I should have to keep it dark about it,
coming. You see, my folks are awfully
down on that kind of thing."

"Oh, many people have these old-
fashioned notions about the stage, and I
would be the last to laugh at them.
But you can't have an opinion on a thing
you've never seen, but there I didn't force
it on you. He had the choice, and after all,
the experience will be good for him."

SECOND HOUR.

"Twenty-five minutes to nine," The
manager compared his watch with the
office clock. "Did you send young
Hurst on a message, Mr. Smith?"

The senior clerk looked up from the
row of figures he was counting and
glanced at the junior's desk. It was
shut, and his hat-peg empty.

"I thought he was here, sir," he said.
"I haven't sent him anywhere. He
knew that we were working late to-
night."

"Tell him to come to my office in the
morning," said the manager, sternly,
adding to himself, "He seems to be set-
ting his own office hours these days."

At that moment Philip Hurst was the
central figure of an amateur rehearsal.
Once introduced to "the boards" his
rare voice, beautiful as a boy's, but so
less remarkable as a man, soon made
him the most sought-after amateur in
his set. Dramatic singing was already
a passion with him, and flattery fanned
the distant lure of flame into a star of
fascination. With one hand upon his
three-filled wine glass the other holding
the operatic solo he was about to sing,
Philip looked what he was—a young man
of twenty-two, living at a feverish pace,
destined to burn out life long ere its
time. No laugh so gay as his, no joke
so ready, no pleasure so reckless.

One of the older and staidier of the
stage throng fixed an attentive eye on
Philip's excess of frivolity, and turning
to a young man near, in whose pale face
might be recognized the boy Gus, of the
Cathedral choir, said appreciatively,
"Isn't your friend, Hurst, going it
rather fast? Drink and nonsense, at the
rate he is imbibing them, will ruin his
voice and make a fool of him before he's
two years older."

The young man made some evasive
reply. All the same a sting of compunc-
tion must have struck his proud heart
(all the prouder because Philip was tak-
ing the principal part in a piece he him-
self had composed) for he made oppor-
tunity to take the young tenor by the
arm later, and whisper rather sternly:
"Wouldn't it be well to pull in a little,
Philip? Herr Mantz declares that cham-
pagne destroys a pure tone."

"What do I care what the old stage
says?" retorted the other. "Why, Gus,
you're a fine one to be preaching to me.
I'm not too drunk to remember who
gave me my first stage ticket, and who
has kept the love for the thing alive in
me all these years."

"Nor have I, Philip," said the other,
with strange earnestness, "and I'll give
nothing now to undo my own work.
See here, I've made a mistake—we both
have—but if you'll cut the thing to-night,
I'll cut it with you."

"What, in the middle of your 'Car-
tain' Gus, don't be an ass. There, I
didn't mean that, old fellow," the old
affection detecting the pain which rose in
the other's eyes. "You're right I know,
and we both shoot the whole business
in a little while. But it's out of the
question to do it to-night. Don't forget
what you did for me. I didn't know
what life was before you showed me;
but I do now, and don't feel like letting
it drop just yet."

Impressively saddened, Gus turned a-
way to slowly retrace his own footsteps
but bearing through life a weight of
remorse that he had failed to turn his
friend.

THIRD HOUR.

Father and son—no need to be told of
the relationship existing between the two
men in the Hurst library. The same
fair hair, blue eyes, and frank expres-
sion. The same, yet not the same, for
at the moment the father's face is shad-
owed by unusual severity, while Philip's
voluble features are graver than for
many a day.

"And do you mean to tell me," said
the elder, "that you actually went up to
these people's confessional?"

"Penitent form, father," corrected
Philip, a shade of amusement crowning
his serious face.

"Whatever you like to call it," went
on the other, "its meaning is the same.
And did you, then, by this act, ally
yourself with these strange people?"

"No sir, I did not, for I did not get
what I went for. The peace of con-
science I sought was not to be had on
my own terms. I have spent twenty-four
unbearable hours since that meeting, sit-
ting, and have now come to you to tell
you the result. The whole thing comes
down to this—to be a Christian I must
be a Salvationist. What do you say?"

Mr. Hurst winced. He would have
preferred the question not to be so
abrupt or direct. Philip was his only
and motherless boy, and the idol of his
heart, and for some time he had not felt
quite at ease about him. He had not
been able to reconcile the fact that this
young man's employer complained of
inattention and threatened dismissal,
while Philip had urged the necessity of
a latch-key in consideration of his lat-
itude hours.

But Philip's father
was weak, and like most weak
men, had not the courage to
attack the whole difficulty, but shying
the vital question laid hold of a side
issue. Mr. Hurst was not a man who
made loud pretensions of religion. Re-
port had it that he had once been as
gay as his son, but he showed no signs
of it now. He was a regular attendant
at his church and a generous supporter
of good work anywhere. To see Philip
take his place in the family pew, and
his share in the family alms-giving, was
the desire of his heart. Here at last
seemed the chance to gratify it.

"Philip," said Mr. Hurst, bending
forward in his excitement, "I am more
than glad to see you turning your at-
tention towards religion. But there is
no need for you to join the Salvation
Army for an open hand. Here is your
father's and your father's church. Well,
see the minister to-morrow, Phil, and
please God, you'll take your place with
me next Sunday."

The young man flushed and hesitated.
He had expected opposition, but not
quite of this kind. Quicker than light-
ning a dark reminder came, that here was
an easier way of turning over the new
leaf that he had resolved upon. He
knew that there were some church
members who still frequented the theatre,
though his father did not, and then to
have one's name on the church roll by a
moral abstinence pledge slip. Philip's
conscience was full of disquiet, and he
was honestly anxious to allay its fret-
tion, at the same time he adored his art
and was infatuated with its surround-
ings.

To carry out the inmost
convictions of his heart and be a Chris-
tian after the Army's pattern would be
he knew, to forego the things he most
loved. While his decision was yet trem-
bling in the balances his evil prompter
suggested that, to please his father, as
well as to reform himself, must be the
right way. With the eagerness of a man
who wants to be convinced in only one
direction, he caught at this loophole of
escape from condemnation, and, feeling
quite virtuous, put out his hand, say-
ing:

"Dear old dad, it shall be as you wish.
I'll do the psalm-singing and you be a
regular saint before long."

FOURTH HOUR.

"Only you now, Philip, only you."
The voice was already gasping, yet
with the deceptive power of a setting
strength the head was raised as Philip
entered.

"You were long in coming, Phil," he
murmured, "an hour later and you
would have been too late."

It was three a.m., but Philip was yet
in the dress suit he had worn at some
dramatic festivity. He flung himself on
his knees by the bedside in an agony of
anxiety.

"Oh, father," he wailed, "don't speak
like this. You must live—live for me.
Who is to hold me to goodness if you go
from me?"

"Philip, I have not been doing this in
the past, therefore there would be no
hope in my lingering. Listen, Philip.
The dying man spoke with that command
and courage which many a last hour
would be a heart sick shrinking and timid.
I have sent them all away because my
love for you is too great for it to permit
other ears to hear my last words to you.
I am dying, Phil: no, don't start back
and shake your head, I have lived too
long to sign of death to be scared at its
approach. Do you remember your mis-
ter, Phil? You were only a little fel-
low in the nursery when she died."

"But I can remember her, father,
quite plainly. Her great tenderness for
me, and the hours which she used to sit
with her arms around me, while her
great tears fell upon my face."

"You little knew why she was weep-
ing," said the father. "Philip, your di-
voted mother and my fair young wife

died of a broken heart—and I broke it
it is a long story now, Philip, and I am
too weak to tell its shame. By a round
of quiet, in which she would not join,
resulting in cruel neglect, I broke her
heart. I reformed, but I reformed too
late. When I came to myself she was
dead."

"She died with this last prayer on her
lips: 'Teach little Phil the cruelty of the
world's pleasures, and to meet me in
heaven.' Phil, God knows I have tried
to fulfil that charge, but I have been
strangely selfish in the way I went about
it. When I suggested the church in-
stead of the Army, I was wrong, though
Philip, I would never have held you back
had you persisted in your first decision.
Boy, the death rattle is in my throat,
you will not deny the truth to a dying
man—own that the half-measures have
been a failure. Raise me a little, Philip.
I can scarcely see. My life is nearly
gone. If she asks me if you've hid good
bye to the stage and glass, Philip, what
shall I say?"

Philip's irresolute face worked strange-
ly.

"Tell mother," he said, "tell her —"
but the besting message came too late.
The ears of the elder Philip could no
longer hear. A minute later, and the
young man was alone with the dead.

FIFTH HOUR.

"I'll give you an hour to think my offer
over, Mr. Hurst. At the end of that
time you know where to find me."

The bustling stage director went out
and closed the door. Philip looked half-
stunned. A most extraordinary offer
had been made him. Would he, for the
sake of two thousand dollars, ride the
sate of his old employer, the solicitor,
for a stage manuscript invaluable to this
French company? His reward was to be
the sum already mentioned, and a
free journey across the seas. The money
itself was more of a draw to Philip than
might have been imagined. He was no
longer a prosperous young amateur. His
good situation had been lost, and he had
gone through his father's small fortune
as a boy dwindles a heap of stones by a
gauche old ducks and drake. For several
years now he had been a struggling
artist finding what different favors a
waited those who worked for bread to
the independence of amateur talent.
Philip had not reformed—the keeping at
that last engagement had meant the
baking of a hundred others. The man-
ager's proposal found him at his wits'
end. "Gert Mantz" prophecy had come
true, and his ruined voice could no longer
command high fees, yet he was up to his
ears in debt through his gambling propen-
sities. To return a negative answer
to this offer would mean his last link
to prosperity severed, for he knew that
the manager would never employ him
again. To accede to it would run a
risk, but still, with caution added to his
knowledge of the ground, not so great as
might be imagined.

For one brief moment there flashed
upon Philip's seared conscience the con-
viction that here was his last favorable
chance. To say "No" now would mean
hewy, but a forced farewell to the
old associates which were ruining him.
He wavered an instant, then the fascina-
tion of the old life fell back upon him,
and lest he should recant, stroked hastily
to the manager's door.

"I have thought it over, Monsieur
Rossin," he said, "and I'll do the job."

SIXTH HOUR.

A whispered colloquy between two
dark figures on a moonless street, a
stealthy footstep dogging his footstep in
the strange town of his escape, a covert
warning from the manager who had dis-
appeared with his body, and Philip
knew that his game was up. He was a
discredited and a doomed man. Know-
ing that after watched every outlet of
his small hiding place, he had no hope
to flee. He went to the miserable lodging
he had occupied the last few days to
wait the end.

The door was shut and locked. Philip
was face to face with himself, at last
for years his worst enemy and his most
be-dreaded foe. Despite his barely
thirty years the whiteness of a withered
youth was already on his head, the
trembling of a nervous system was in his
nervous wrist, he was an old man while
searcely in his prime, and face to face
with the last problem of a lost reputation
—"suicide or shame."

Something in the bitter choice recalls the crises of the past. Amongst the rush of torturing memories which crowded with maddening rapidity through his brain there rose the scene of a thoughtless chorister in a Cathedral choir and the echo of an Easter hymn—"the foe behind, the deep behind." "Oh," he murmured, "I little thought then how like my fix would be after all. I have sinned out the good in my choice—it's a toss-up between bad and bad now. God will make no way through my sea."

As he spoke his choice narrowed to the settlement of an instant—the detective's footsteps was on the stairs, his father's name, already dishonored, was threatened with unending shame. Two terrors to choose from, and with the old weak impulse, he selected the easier way. Just as the key of the law grated in the lock there was a loud report. The door was burst open, but too late to avert the prisoner, for there in no trial for the crime of a dead man, save at the bar of God.



I—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ACHAIA LEAGUE AND SPARTA.

After the death of Pyrrhus, Antigonus was the most powerful person in Macedonia or Greece, and all the efforts of Sparta and Athens to gain the help of Egypt against him proved failures.

At that time (267 B.C.) twelve of the smaller cities of Greece had united themselves under the name of Achaian League, for defence against intruders. The city of Sicyon, near Achaia, however, was under the rule of a tyrant, and a large-hearted citizen, Clisthenes, made an attempt to free the city of its oppressor, but was found out and put to death with all his family, except a little boy of seven, Aratus by name, who escaped and was sheltered by friends in Argos.

Aratus, at the age of twenty, wrote to friends at Sicyon, and finding them favorable to an attempt of liberating their city, climbed the walls by night and incited the citizens to insurrection by the cry, "Aratus, son of Clisthenes, calls on Sicyon to resume her liberty." The tyrant fled, his house was burned, but no blood was shed in the successful revolt.

Aratus persuaded his liberated fellow-citizens at once to join the Achaian League, and further attempted to strengthen the band of union by an alliance with Egypt. Ptolemy liked Aratus very much, and granted him one hundred and fifty talents for his city, and the Achaian elected him twice as their general.

He succeeded in driving the Macedonians from a strong position in the middle of the isthmus of Corinth, called Acro-Corinthus, and by means of the stoutness of Greece, being situated on a high rock. Aratus found out a path leading to the rock, and advanced at night with but a few soldiers, while the others were separated from him, by missing the path in the fog. This ruse took shelter under a rock, just when the enemy's force from the lower city rushed to the aid of the garrison on the rock, only to fall in the hands of the chance-ambush.

The following day Aratus landed the keys of the city to the assembled citizens, and put an Achaian garrison on the rock, hindering all Macedonians. Needless to say that Corinth joined the League.

Aratus endeavored to win Athens and Sparta over to the League, but their jealousy and pride prevented success.

Sparta had never been subjected to the states north of the Isthmus, but its government had become corrupt. Persian luxuries and ease entered with the Syrian war of one of the Spartan Kings, while the other King was a miser, who left, at his death, a tremendous fortune to his widow and son, Agis, a boy of nineteen.

Agis had, in his youth, learned of the past greatness of Sparta, and had embraced the teachings of Lycurgus

in all its severity and simplicity. When he became King he started a hunt uncrowned and plainly dressed, while his dual-king wore diadem and purple.

Agis was determined to bring back the old rule. As nearly all the old Spartan nobility was poor, while wealth was held by a few, he succeeded in having the states and money re-divided, even his mother throwing in the great fortune which his father left. Leonidas, the other King, was very angry, but he did not dare to hinder all this, since nearly all the nobility was on the young King's side. Leonidas put so much difficulty in the way of the reforms that they brought forth an old law by which no King should be allowed to reign who had married a foreign woman. Leonidas fled into a temple and would have been killed, but for the fact that Agis asked him secretly to escape with his faithful daughter.

Agis believed his uncle Agesilaus loyal to his reform and had him chosen as King, but was cruelly deceived. While Agis was away to assist the Achaian in repelling an invasion, Agesilaus went back to his old way of living, retained his wealth and in general had the populace against him, which forced him to flight and recalled Leonidas. The latter, by treaty, enticed Agis, who had fled into a sanctuary, to leave such, and sent him to prison. Hearing of the efforts of the grandmother and mother of Agis trying to get the people to insist upon a public trial Leonidas had Agis strangled in jail, who, in dying, said to his weeping friend, "Weep not, friend, I am happier than those who condemn me." His grandmother and mother were likewise slain, while Leonidas carried Agis' wife, Aganippe, to his house and married her to his own son, Cleomenes, a mere boy.

Aganippe was the fairest and wisest woman in Greece. She was gentle towards the young boy, Aganippe, to his house and married her to his own son, Cleomenes, a mere boy. Aganippe was the fairest and wisest woman in Greece. She was gentle towards the young boy, Aganippe, to his house and married her to his own son, Cleomenes, a mere boy.

CORPS REPORTS.

(Continued from page 13.)

PACIFIC.

23 Corps—8 Reports.

PORT SIMPSON.—Backsiders and sinners are coming home. Our meetings are well attended and the interest keeps up. We have to report the death of two of our comrades' children. Bandman McKay's little girl died on the 14th Nov. When her father told her that she could not live many hours, she said she did not mind, she wanted to be saved and rest with Jesus. We also have to report Bandman Knott's little Miriam's death. She was only four years old, but had learnt to love Jesus. She was taken to the hospital but despite surgical aid death claimed her. The morning of the operation she was found on her knees in her praying. It was a hard blow to her father, but God wonderfully sustained all our comrades in their trial. We gave them real Ararat funerals. The band was out. Slater Brentzen's husband died very suddenly on Nov. 17th. She feels her loss very much, but God is a help to her. Their daughter Sarah got saved a few days before he died and helped him to die happy. We have had our H. F. and we realized \$120.10. This was good. Everybody took a pleasure in it. Henry Pierce auctioned it off.—Robt. Smith, Adjt.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—We have had a farewell visit from Brigadier Howell, and we are now busy bringing the Self-Denial battle to a close. On account of the late great fire and the building schemes of other denominations, the effort has called for a hard fight.—M. Ayre, Adjt.

A Born Beggar.

MT. VERNON.—We reached our target of \$50. and went \$15 over it. This was good when we consider the difficulties, bad roads, bad weather. Besides the numerous Sambels and Toblans which we had to contend

against. However, as in Nehemiah's time, they have had their eyes opened now. Sergt. Buck, Sister Curtis, and Mother Morris tramped through the mud to reach their target. Lieut. Boyer is a born beggar, would make a fine Financial Special. The writer had an unpleasant experience while collecting—found himself astride a log in three feet of water and five miles from home. He paddled through it as best he could and got home none the worse for his experience as a duck. Capt. B. Houston is home resting and is of valuable assistance in the meetings.—Lieut. R. Lauchlan.

MISSOULA.—Our hearts were glad in last Sunday evening's meeting. One precious soul. We are busy doing Self-Denial. We are determined to reach our target.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Brigadier Howell has been, and gone. We are very sorry indeed to say good-bye. Our meetings are splendid and crowds good. Half far too small for Sunday night's meeting. Open-air still grand, even though the weather is not as we would like it at times. Capt. Pauline is over from Vancouver on visit. Self-Denial is going ahead fine. We must get our target. Victoria is the place for giving. A splendid collection for the volunteers for the Transvaal, then the Manitoba Home Fund (\$500 in one night), then the Orphanage at Westminster was helped, and now the Army's S.D. and yet Victoria people give grandly and don't grumble. Go bless Victoria.—M. L.

NANAIMO.—We were glad to have Essie Lester's valuable help for a few days. Capt. Kell and her A. D. C's are on the Self-Denial war path. Brigadier Howell gave a farewell meeting.—Bob Lortimer.

KALISPELL.—Bro. Moskan, of Dillon, who bravely assisted us for a week, has farewelled. Thanksgiving service fine, also good collections. Our converts doing nicely. God continues to bless our War Cry selling and in one of the saloons we were asked to sing two of the songs, while one of the men accompanied on the piano. The men listened eagerly, and afterwards gave us a collection. Saturday night at 11 o'clock finds us selling War Cry and people gladly buying them.—Lieut. Betts, for Capt. Perrenoud.

KAMLOOPS.—We have been having a series of opportunities. "The Devil's and the Lord's" battle was a success, also our benefit entertainment, got up to help a poor family in our town. The most pleasing news we have received for some time was the official announcement of Lieut. Abernethy's promotion to Captain.—Joe McGee, C. C.

NORTH-WEST.

33 Corps—7 Reports.

DEVIL'S LAKE.—Two souls of late have sought and found the Saviour. We have smashed our S.D. target, with a little to spare, for which we praise God. Sergt. Major Quater, from Grafton, is with us, and is quite a help with his banjo and song.—Mrs. Wallace.

WINNIPEG.—Last Tuesday night six precious souls knelt at the penitent font, one on Saturday night, two on Sunday night, making a total of nine precious souls. Praise God! Still we are going in for victory this week, being Self-Denial Week.—Cadet Nuttall.

FARGO, N. D.—Lieut. Colonel Margolis with us last Sunday, also Ensign Staters, and officers from Valley City and Lisbon. Hall packed. Good meeting. A few souls have sought salvation. S.D. target is all right.—M. H. S.

RAT PORTAGE.—Self-Denial Week brought a series of special meetings Sunday, large crowds. Monday, an outbreak of soldiers. Wednesday night, Mrs. Ensign Halbirke gave an account of her ship experience, which every one enjoyed. Thursday, temperance meeting; and Sunday, a big musical meeting, singing of solos, vocal and instrumental, duets, trios, quartettes, and a lot of other things. One soul for the week.—M. B. H.

LETHBRIDGE.—The S.D. effort has surpassed anything in the annals of this corps. The officers and comrades worked unceasingly to overcome a target of \$105 being the amount, including the Janitors \$15. The

building scheme of the new barracks is well on foot, and in a short time we are believing to see it started. Sunday one brother came out for salvation. Two more comrades have been enrolled beneath the Flag.—Wm. Farrow, Cor.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—God has been doing a real work in Jamestown during the past two weeks. Some have been converted, a good number sanctified, and several healed, of whom I write is one. Bro. White is a hero, a Christian for a number of years, was sanctified some ten years ago, but during the past three years has suffered with Bright's disease, and through Capt. Stankos was led to come to the Lord. God healed him instantly, and he has been leaping and praising God ever since. A young Baptist also, who is preparing for the ministry, and has for the past eight years been able to read only large print through very strong glasses, came out and accepted his eyesight from the Lord, and from that evening has been able to read fine print without glasses. His eyes are perfectly healed. God is being honored and souls are being saved.—A. L. T.

PRINCE ALBERT.—We rejoice over another soul saved. This, we pray, is only the beginning of a grand revival.—G. M. Barlett, R. C.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

48 Corps—4 Reports.

ST. JOHN'S H. Nid.—Good meetings all through the week. Sunday we had with us Mrs. Brigadier Sharp and Adj. Tovey. Holiness meeting a blessed time. Two souls in the fountain. We finished the day's fight with a hallelujah wind-up.—S. Morgan, for Capt. McLean.

TILT COVE.—Glorious meetings on Sunday, large crowds. Finished up with one soul in the fountain. Soldiers are all on fire.—A. Smart, R. C.

LITTLE RAY ISLAND.—Last Sunday night two souls found pardon. Twelve soldiers are going in the bay until next June, schooner-building, timber-cutting, etc. Sergt. Major and War Cry Sergeant included.—Jim Jones, Capt.

ST. JOHN'S L.—Had an enormous last week, with some of our comrades took their stand under the dear old Flag. S.D. over-reached our target.—B. Harris, Capt. C. Crew, Lieut.

After Fifteen Years' Warfare

SISTER RICHARDS GOES TO HER REWARD.

For something like fifteen years Sister Richards fought as a soldier in the ranks of the great S. A. Eight of these years were put in at Bay Roberts, the remaining seven at St. John's. Our departed comrade had the interests of the Kingdom at heart, consequently her time was spent in active service. As long as her health would permit, she was to be found at the front doing her best to encourage the weak, help the fallen, and lead the sinner to the Blood. That dreadful disease, consumption, had so taken hold of her frame that it was impossible for her to leave her bed for the last eight months. In visiting her, I always found her spiritual sky clear. Her one desire for living was that she might do more for her Master and poor lost souls. But He Who death all things well, will it otherwise, and on Saturday, Nov. 24th, her end came. Truly we can say, "Her end was peace." We buried her on the 27th. Adjt. Dowell assisted with the service. The memorial service was conducted on the following Sunday, by Mrs. Brigadier Sharp. Several of the comrades spoke of the Godly life and triumphant death of our departed comrade, amongst them the husband of our comrade.

The prayers of our many comrades are requested for our bereaved brother who is himself a soldier and dear little children.—Lottie McLean, Capt.

Some people continue to be offensive, even when conferring favors.

A man's prosperity can only be measured by its effects on his heart.



SEVEN

The We

Owing matter reports explain given Self-Denial The Jubilee monthly \$150, they are the Cry puny Another of Cry where account ing will scene was a recent mother form.

ST. S. four had one for two for victory one prece labors.—SYDNEY by God's week's

CLAR week set to the C years in Lieut. Hudson.

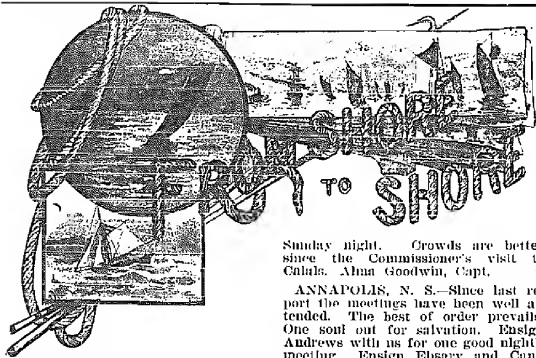
WEST' ing well dress of Mr. Byr Uppala present.

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SEVEN DAYS' SYNOPSIS.

The Week's News Digested for Busy People.

Owing to the crowding of Christmas number we were not able to insert any reports in our last issue. This will explain the older nature of the news given below.—[Signal success in the Self-Denial Week is reported all round. The Juniors at Ingersoll deserve special mention. Out of the corps total of \$150, they raised \$112.—[The bonneters of Kildispol are on the right lines, and their customers appreciate our paper. They were recently asked to sing from the Cry in a school, an humane recommendation on the harpist piano.—[Another testimony to the opportunities of Cry selling comes from Glace Bay, where a man paid 50c. for a copy, on account of the Army's success in dealing with drunkards.—[An interesting scene was witnessed at Ligar St. on a recent Sunday night, when father, mother, and son knelt at the penitent form.

EAST.

54 Corps—9 Reports.

ST. STEPHEN.—Since writing last four have lived to the penitent form, one for the blessing of a clean heart, two backsliders and one young man for salvation. God not only gave us victory in our S.-D. effort, but also one precious soul as the fruit of our labors.—Soldier.

SYDNEY, C. B.—We have captured, by God's help, two prisoners for our week's fighting. K. C. D., Lieut.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—Inside of a week seven souls have found their way to the Cross, one a man well along in years, never made a profession before.—Lieut. L. Sharpshooter, for Capt. Geo. Hudson.

WESTVILLE, N. S.—Major Pickering welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Cummings. Major gave an eloquent address on the Darkest England Scheme. Mr. Byers and Capt. Tudge and Lieut. Urquhart (the modest disciple) were present.—A. Hamblen.

HAMILTON, Ont.—Good meetings all day Sunday. One backslider returned to the fold again. We have had to say good-bye to some of our military comrades, who have been ordered elsewhere. We all felt sorry to have to part with them. Some of them have been laboring with us for two years. A new regiment (colored) have come to relieve them, and we have found saved comrades among them, some Salvationists. We had a number of them with us on the platform on Sunday.—A. Bryant.

HALIFAX, N. S.—We are in the midst of the Self-Denial battle. The Lord is our helper, and with a united effort, we believe we shall not be found wanting. Grand holiness meeting on Friday night, when four souls sought the blessing of a clean heart and two souls for pardon (American fishermen). They went away happy in the love of Jesus. Good meetings on Sunday, one soul at night.—Treasurer Canblin.

CAIAIS, Me.—In our S.-D. effort we have come out once more on the top. The comrades stood by us nobly during S.-D. week. Four souls sought and found pardon, also two more last

Sunday night. Crowds are better since the Commissioner's visit to Calais. Anna Goodwin, Capt.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—Since last report the meetings have been well attended. The best of order prevails. One soul out for salvation. Ensign Andrews with us for one good night's meeting. Ensign Ebbery and Capt. Newell are working hard for S.-D. target. The new Major is announced to be with us for grand revival meetings.—M. K. R. C.

GLACE BAY.—We have just finished our S.-D. Week, and have had a wonderful victory. The friends have all been very kind to us, but for down right themal dying, your correspondent thinks the friends at Dominion can't be beat. May God bless them. During S.-D. Week four persons knelt at the penitent form and professed sat-



Ensign and Mrs. L. H. Larder and Family.
Late of Glace Bay, C.B.

vation. Captain Thompson still continues to boom the War Cry. We never have any left for Sunday since he took hold of them. While out selling the other day he met a traveler who gave him 50c. for a Cry, and in refusing the change said, "Keep it for the good of the work." The S. A. has saved some wonderful drunkards in this town and in other towns that I know, and I always like to do anything I can to help them.—Yours to conquer, Sergt. Major.

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

37 Corps—7 Reports.

PICTON.—S.-D. all the go now. Missionary meeting Sunday, very interesting. War Cry meeting a success. Officers have over their S.-D. target.—Lillie DeWita.

COBOLING.—Two precious souls have sought salvation and are getting along nicely. Our Self-Denial target is smashed to pieces. We had with us on Friday night Staff Capt. Burditt and Ensign Hyde.—Lieut. M. Lang, for Capt. E. Constock.

MONTREAL, Q.—God has again blessed us with victory in the late S.-D. effort. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Taylor gave us a good start by conducting a blessed half-night of prayer. They also visited us on Self-Denial Sunday, conducting two meetings. All the week long these soldiers worked, at their different toll in the day-time and Self-Denial at night. The result of all is that we have hit our \$725 target, and this is only Dec. 5th, and everything is cleared away. The band led the way and have brought in up to



Candidate Quist, Brother Martin, Sister Martell,
Of Glace Bay, C.B.



Brother White,
Jamestown, N.B.

date the sum of \$256. The Juniors followed them, and presented the sum of about \$210, which means that they have almost doubled their target set them by Provincial Headquarters. We had a beautiful day last Sunday, with four precious souls seeking salvation.—Adj. Goodwin.

BARRE.—On Nov. 30th death called away Sister Clark, after two short weeks of sickness. She was a faithful soldier. The funeral service was held at the house, conducted by Mrs. Ensign Sims. A large number of soldiers and friends were present to show their sympathy for the bereaved husband and relations. Sunday night we had the memorial service, and the comrades told of her faithfulness as a soldier, the example set to us in attending the meetings, etc.—Zacharias.

brought several dollars over our target.—N. R. Trickey, Lieut.

BARRE.—We reached our S.-D. target all right, and to Jesus we give the glory. We had with us Ensign Barrows for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday last. The meetings were times of special blessing, 14 out for salvation and holiness.—Capt. Charlton, for Adj. Wiggins.

SEBURY.—We have had another week of victory. Sunday was a glorious day. Soldiers on fire for God, and we closed with four souls for salvation. Others are under conviction.—M. Stephens, Capt., and J. McLennan, Lieut.

SEBRIDGE.—Thursday night had "Drunkard's Home." Devil got mad. Friday night one sister returned to the place in the Army from whence she had fallen. Sunday, good crowds. Reinforced by Bro. and Sister Bauer, from Stonville. Good meetings. Captured four of the enemy's people.—H. L. & F. Y. C. O's.

YORKVILLE.—Sunday was a good day. At night the presence of God was felt by saint and sinner. Our hearts were cheered to see two young women, hand in hand, with flowing tears, walk in the penitent form and tell their sorrows to the Saviour.—A. Rose.

ST. CATHARINES.—Since last report we have had a good snow-storm, a few days' sleighing, a thaw, and lots of mud again. On the spiritual side of things, we have had two weeks of beautiful times. One soul in the Fountain. God has helped us to go \$10 over our S.-D. target of \$160.—Lieut. E. Calvert, for Ensign and Mrs. Williams.

WEST ONTARIO.

58 Corps—5 Reports.

GUELPH, S.-D. was a glorious victory. It has made us better soldiers. God is blessing us with souls. Our hearts and hands are His for further service.—Lieut. Thompson, for Capt. Hancock.

ST. THOMAS.—After over eleven days through the ball last Thursday night when Capt. Fell announced that our S.-D. target of \$150 had been reached. Sunday was a good day, big march at night, large crowd inside, one sister converted. Eleven souls since last report in Cry.—B. G.

REXDELM.—Struck target of \$100 all right. We are all glad. The S.-D. Cry was a beauty, ahead of any previous numbers. We sold out our order.—Tina Groom.

STRATHROY.—Our S.-D. target was smashed to pieces. Everyone worked with a will. We are now arranging for a big Hallelujah Wedding. War Cry sold out every week, and we are marching on to victory.—H. Freeman.

NORWICH.—Praise God! Since last report we have had three volunteers for salvation. All are wanderers from the fold.—Lieut. Edwards, for Capt. Hoeklin.

INGERSOLL.—People are getting saved and keeping saved. Crowds are better since cool weather. Collections and interest went up in G. simply grand. Then Self-Denial—\$150—our target was smashed. Juniors and helpers doing over \$122.50, and friends the remainder. Good for the youngsters.—M. K.

All great ruins are but a name for greatness in ruins; and we shall see the magnitude of the structure in that of the ruin made by its fall. So it is with man. Our most venerable, though sudden, impressions of his greatness, as a creature, we shall derive from the magnificent ruin he displays.—Horace Bushnell.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

45 Corps—7 Reports.

LISGAR ST.—Sunday night was a night not to be forgotten. Nine souls cried to God for pardon. Father and mother, also son, winning their way to the Cross. Hallelujah!—Captain Matthews, for Adj. Scarr.

RIVERSIDE.—Our S.-D. campaign closed Sunday and Monday with the largest crowd at the meetings for months, each night the barracks being filled. The Holston Musicians (including the renowned baby-drummer) were in evidence. Monday, Juniors' Jubilee and Coffee Lunch. Miss P. Fieldhouse and Master Johnnie Mason, soloists, helped to make an A 1 affair. Captured two prisoners, several wounded. Galloping home meeting

HUSTLERS' RENDEZVOUS.

No Change in the Situation

TORONTO SAFE, AND THE BOMBARDMENT FRUITLESS.

MAJOR PICKERING AHEAD

Has Major Southall Some Fell Design?

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

Central Ontario Province - - 90

West Ontario Province - - 86

East Ontario Province - - 78

For two long weeks have the besieged forces in Toronto been bombarded, and many sorties have taken place in the hope of reducing the garrison, but at the time of writing, the Toronto forces are more than holding their own. The troops are reported in good spirits and well provisioned.

The latest official returns indicate that the three armies are of nearly equal strength. It speaks much for the bravery of the Central Ontario troops that they are able to hold out so well, and maintain their advanced position.

Tales of individual bravery are numerous. Captain Sitzer, of Woodstock, in the West Ontario ranks, and Capt. Munford and Cadet Hicks, of St. Albans, East Ontario force, have displayed conspicuous gallantry. Their sales of 225, 150, and 192, respectively, have commanded the admiration of all.

Many other instances of daring, though, perhaps, not so prominent as these three, are coming to light. A faithful record of these matters is being kept, and when the rewards are handed out, all worthy fighters will be suitably recognized.

THE "EAST vs WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 113 N.-W. - - 53

Pacific - - 36

Nad. - - 14

Klondike - 4

Totals, - 113 107

Bravo, Major Pickering! You have managed to land in first place again, this week, with a margin of 6. I can "imagine" how pleased you and your troops will be!

It will be all the more relished when you look back to those days when things were different. I must not fail to remind you, however, that you must keep jogging ahead. Your opponents are no triflers.

And my need of praise is due to Major Southall, with his 53 North-West boomers. You are surely not bent on bringing the North-West up to the West Ontario standing, are you, Major? Now, surely not! Please do try, for what will Major Pickering do?

The Pacific is rising, I don't think! 35 Hustlers is a poor return from our brothers and sisters in the far West. They have done ever so much better. Bent the record, comrades, and do it quick.

Capt. LeCorg, who so faithfully records the Dawson City sales, says: "First snow storm on October 12th. River running yet. Boats lying up. A Merry Christmas. God bless you all!" And God bless T.O. an, say we. May your Dawson winter be made lively and pleasant by one continual round of victory.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Sister Pearce, Temple | 101 |
| Capt. Dales, Lindsay | 100 |
| Ensign Williams, St. Catharines | 75 |
| Sister Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton | 75 |
| Capt. Charlton, Barrie | 70 |
| Sister Mrs. Bowbeer, Ligar St. | 70 |
| Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Newmarket | 70 |
| Capt. Brant, Richmond St. | 60 |
| Capt. Poole, Dovercourt | 60 |
| Sister Mrs. Medlock, Temple | 50 |
| Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound | 50 |
| Lieut. Howcroft, Owen Sound | 50 |
| Capt. Culbert, North Bay | 50 |
| Lieut. Greavett, North Bay | 50 |
| Capt. Hanna, Aurora | 45 |
| Bro. Thos. Boyer, Bracebridge | 45 |
| Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Collingwood | 45 |
| Capt. Bowers, Meaford | 45 |
| Lieut. Stickle, Meaford | 45 |
| Capt. Stephens, Sudbury | 45 |
| Lieut. J. McLennan, Sudbury | 45 |
| Capt. Nelson, Brampton | 45 |
| Capt. Lott, Omamee | 45 |
| Sergeant Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines | 45 |
| Adj. Wiggins, Barrie | 45 |
| Father Dixon, Temple | 40 |
| Lieut. Craig, Orillia | 38 |
| Capt. Rennie, Orillia | 38 |
| Lieut. Cooper, Chesley | 37 |
| Capt. Sherwin, Huntsville | 35 |
| Lieut. Bone, Huntsville | 35 |
| Capt. Palling, Little Current | 35 |
| Lieut. Pattenden, Little Current | 35 |
| Cadet Christopher, Lippincott | 35 |
| Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville | 35 |
| Capt. McClelland, Collingwood | 35 |
| Capt. Cornish, Collingwood | 35 |
| Sister Miss Gills, Yorkville | 35 |
| Capt. Meeks, Brooklyn | 30 |
| Sister Lightheart, Hamilton | 30 |
| Sister Bentley, Hamilton | 30 |
| Capt. Brooks, Kilmount | 30 |
| Capt. Connors, Dundas | 30 |
| Lieut. Calvert, St. Catharines | 30 |
| Capt. Darrach, Penelon Falls | 29 |
| Capt. Gammalidge, Dundas | 29 |
| Cadet Pattenden, Lippincott | 27 |
| J. S. S.M. Porter, Uxbridge | 27 |
| Capt. Richmond, Bracebridge | 27 |
| Cadet Bishop, Temple | 27 |
| Cadet Murskell, Temple | 25 |
| Cadet Fenney, Temple | 25 |
| Capt. Kivell, Perry Sound | 25 |
| Cadet Carley, Lippincott | 25 |
| Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton | 25 |
| Capt. Wilson, Perry Sound | 25 |
| Capt. Capper, Peversham | 25 |
| Lieut. Edwards, Peversham | 25 |
| Bro. Riston, Ligar St. | 25 |
| Cadet Plant, Temple | 23 |
| Cadet Groombridge, Temple | 22 |
| Cadet Turner, Temple | 22 |
| Sister Mrs. Bowers, Ligar | 22 |
| Cadet Lamb, Lippincott | 22 |
| Cadet Hoole, Lippincott | 22 |
| Sister Mrs. Constanche, Kilmount | 22 |
| Cadet Thompson, Lippincott | 21 |
| Cadet Leggat, Temple | 21 |
| Cadet McGregor, Temple | 21 |
| Bro. Stanton, Hamilton | 21 |
| Adj. Moore, Hamilton | 20 |
| Sister Maud Wessler, Hamilton | 20 |
| Sergeant Matheson, Lippincott | 20 |
| Sister T. Gee, Hamilton | 20 |
| Lieut. Bond, Hamilton | 20 |
| Father Curry, Hamilton | 20 |
| Sergeant Mrs. Mayes, Bracebridge | 20 |
| Sister Maud Slater, Penelon Falls | 20 |
| Sister Maud Giddis, Penelon Falls | 20 |
| Byro, Smith, Midland | 20 |
| Lieut. Stickle, Midland | 20 |
| Lieut. Jackson, Orangeville | 20 |
| Sister Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket | 20 |
| Sister Mrs. Bowerman, Newmarket | 20 |
| Sister Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt | 20 |
| Bro. P. Dault, Sudbury | 20 |
| Lizzie Richards, St. Catharines | 20 |
| Sister Annie Read, St. Catharines | 20 |
| Cand. M. Carden, Yorkville | 20 |
| Sister Kennedy, Yorkville | 20 |

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

86 Hustlers.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock | 225 |
| Lieut. Fyfe, London | 172 |
| Lieut. Ringier, Windsor | 164 |
| Ensign Gamble, Brantford | 135 |
| S. M. Mrs. Mack, Chatham | 150 |
| Capt. Burrows, St. Thomas | 125 |
| Cand. Foster, Petrolia | 112 |
| Lieut. Hart, Simcoe | 110 |
| Capt. Hollett, Hespeler | 75 |
| Lieut. Crawford, Goderich | 72 |
| Lieut. Alsop, Wingham | 67 |
| Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Strathroy | 67 |
| Capt. Coe, Sarnia | 62 |
| Mrs. Schwartz, Galt | 65 |
| Auntie Wright, Ingersoll | 60 |
| Sister Allen, Mabel | 60 |
| Mrs. Wakfield, Forest | 60 |
| Ensign Slat, Dresden | 60 |
| Ensign Green, Stratford | 59 |
| Mrs. Richards, Guelph | 55 |
| Lieut. Smith, Sarnia | 55 |

| | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| Capt. Haley, Paris | 55 |
| Capt. Green, Stratford | 55 |
| Ensign McLeod, Galt | 51 |
| Capt. Freeman, Stratford | 51 |
| Mrs. McMillan, Blenheim | 50 |
| Capt. Howcroft, Berlin | 50 |
| Ensign Scott, Wallaceburg | 50 |
| Ensign P. Ebb, Berlin | 48 |
| Capt. Hancock, Guelph | 48 |
| Adj. McCann, London | 45 |
| Capt. Heater, Tilsonburg | 43 |
| Capt. Carr, Wrenburg | 42 |
| Lieut. Thompson, Guelph | 42 |
| Lieut. Stickle, Berlin | 41 |
| Mrs. Adj. McFar, Brantford | 41 |
| Adj. McFar, Brantford | 37 |
| Sergeant Yeomans, Hespeler | 35 |
| Sister Robillard, Chatham | 35 |
| Capt. Hockin, Norwich | 35 |
| Edna Smith, Guelph | 35 |
| Lieut. Cook, Tilsonburg | 35 |
| Capt. White, Bayfield | 35 |
| Mrs. Graham, Thamesville | 35 |
| Mrs. Anderson, Watford | 35 |
| Cand. Whiles, Leamington | 35 |
| Capt. Pyra, Drayton | 35 |
| Lieut. Beach, Ingersoll | 32 |
| Another Cutting, Essex | 31 |
| Capt. Jarvis, Thedford | 31 |
| Sister Groom, Blenheim | 30 |
| Lieut. Edwards, Norwich | 30 |
| Lieut. Winters, Palmarston | 30 |
| Lieut. Harman, Seaford | 30 |
| Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg | 30 |
| Sec. Mrs. Harris, London | 30 |
| Sergeant Palmer, London | 30 |
| Sister Goss, Glasgow | 26 |
| Mrs. Adj. McCann, London | 26 |
| Ensign Mrs. Collier, Listowel | 25 |
| Sister Donnel, Galt | 25 |
| Sister Wailes, Essex | 25 |
| Bro. Maynard, Paris | 25 |
| Mrs. Goss, Glasgow | 25 |
| Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll | 25 |
| Marshall Bonn, Wallaceburg | 25 |
| Bro. Whitaker, Leamington | 25 |
| P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor | 24 |
| Capt. Pyra, Chatham | 24 |
| Capt. Burton, Ingersoll | 24 |
| Sister Durrant, Galt | 23 |
| Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgetown | 23 |
| Capt. Mathers, Ridgetown | 23 |
| Capt. Dowell, Biehnheim | 20 |
| S. M. Rose, Hespeler | 20 |
| Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Clinton | 20 |
| Capt. Bouay, Forest | 20 |
| Mrs. Hekins, St. Thomas | 20 |
| Capt. Coy, Essex | 20 |
| Capt. Donald, Fawcett | 20 |
| Cadet Crawford, Paris | 20 |
| Mrs. Livens, Ingersoll | 20 |
| Adj. Blackburn, Windsor | 20 |
| Bro. Christner, Dresden | 20 |
| Mrs. Burns, Dresden | 20 |
| Capt. Huntington, Leamington | 20 |

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

78 Hustlers.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. Munford, St. Albans | 190 |
| Cadet Hicks, St. Albans | 182 |
| Lieut. Ludlow, Newport | 126 |
| Sergeant Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa | 110 |
| Ensign Stalger, Gannaque | 101 |
| Lieut. Bess, Prescott | 100 |
| Adj. Kendall, Belleville | 97 |
| Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke | 90 |
| Capt. Woods, Deseronto | 88 |
| Capt. Hixtable, Quebec | 85 |
| Lieut. Langford, Guelph | 85 |
| Lieut. Ash, Morrisburg | 83 |
| Lieut. Yandaw, Brockville | 80 |
| Capt. Young, St. Johnsbury | 80 |
| Capt. McNauey, St. Johnsbury | 80 |
| Mrs. Barber, Burlington | 80 |
| Sergeant Rogers, Montreal | 80 |
| Capt. Birch, Brockville | 70 |
| Lieut. McEwan, Kempsville | 75 |
| Sergeant Major Simous, Kingston | 75 |
| Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope | 70 |
| Capt. Hinchey, Cornwall | 60 |
| Capt. Penickell, Tweed | 60 |
| Capt. French, Kingston | 60 |
| Ensign Ward, Kingston | 60 |
| Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall | 60 |
| Sergeant Thompson, Belleville | 58 |
| Lieut. Norman, Milbrook | 55 |
| Capt. Grose, Trenton | 55 |
| Lieut. Hickman, Napance | 50 |
| Capt. Comstock, Cobourg | 50 |
| Lieut. Lang, Cobourg | 50 |
| Sergeant Macgill, Montreal IV | 50 |
| Mark Spencer, Peterboro | 50 |
| Bro. Shaver, Montreal I | 45 |
| Capt. Downey, Montreal II | 45 |
| Capt. Magee, Campbellford | 41 |
| Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford | 41 |
| Capt. Penickell, Tweed | 40 |
| Sergeant Major Martice, Cornwall | 40 |
| Ada Galt, Montreal II | 40 |
| Capt. Green, Perth | 40 |
| Lieut. Croser, Napance | 35 |
| Sergeant Adams, Kingston | 35 |
| Sergeant Dine, Kingston | 32 |
| Lieut. Newell, Peterboro | 32 |
| Lieut. Brookless, Montreal I | 31 |
| Sergeant Brown, Montreal I | 30 |
| Bro. Moors, Montreal I | 30 |

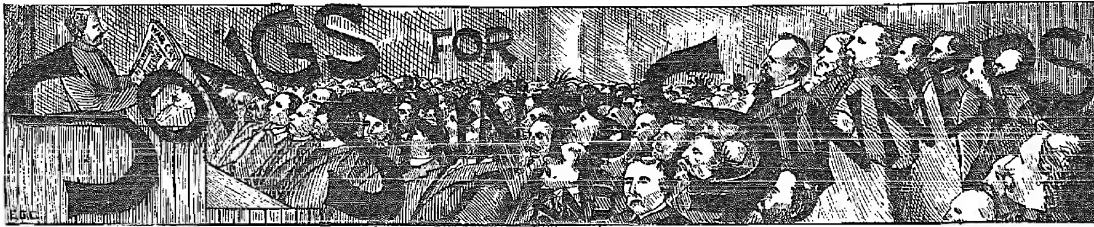
| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Capt. Dawson, Coalbrook | 30 |
| Lieut. Cook, Coalbrook | 30 |
| Bro. Inadon, St. Johnsbury | 30 |
| Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth | 30 |
| Stephen Stanzel, Carleton Place | 25 |
| Sergeant Chillingworth, Montreal IV | 25 |
| Lieut. Alphonse, Belleville | 25 |
| Miss McCorkel, Ottawa | 23 |
| Capt. Slater, Renfrew | 22 |
| David Dupont, Trenton | 20 |
| Capt. Vance, Bloomfield | 20 |
| Lieut. Mitchell, Smithburg | 20 |
| Rosina Yeak, Montreal III | 20 |
| Maud Emmonds, Odessa | 20 |
| Sister Wells, Odessa | 20 |
| Nellie Mead, Burlington | 20 |
| Sister Fraser, Montreal I | 20 |
| Sister Nicholson, Montreal I | 20 |
| Lizette Berry, Quebec | 20 |
| Capt. Yake, Peterboro | 20 |
| Mrs. Green, Peterboro | 20 |
| Mrs. Wright, Peterboro | 20 |
| Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro | 20 |

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

113 Hustlers.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| P. S. M. Smith, Windsor | 19 |
| Sergeant Vincent, Halifax II | 137 |
| Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay | 131 |
| Sister Ellis, Charlottetown | 129 |
| Adj. Byers, New Glasgow | 110 |
| B. Lorry, Canby | 110 |
| Sergeant White, Campbellton | 110 |
| Capt. J. Bowering, Westville | 106 |
| S. Malsey, St. John I | 104 |
| Sergeant McNeil, Montreal | 100 |
| E. White, Campbellton | 100 |
| Cadet Chandler, St. John I | 97 |
| Cadet McLennan, St. John I | 97 |
| Sergeant Pike, Houlton | 82 |
| Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth | 82 |
| Lieut. Lebars, Stellarton | 81 |
| Capt. Tudge, New Glasgow | 77 |
| Capt. Bradbury, Fredericton | 70 |
| Bro. Reid, St. John I | 70 |
| Sec. Churchill, Woodstock | 66 |
| Lieut. Traflet, Digby | 65 |
| Lieut. Venable, Houlton | 64 |
| Capt. Allan, Kentville | 62 |
| Sergeant Conrod, Halifax I | 61 |
| Capt. Lamont, Halifax I | 60 |
| Sergeant Armstrong, St. John II | 60 |
| P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown | 60 |
| Adj. Fraser, Moncton | 60 |
| Lieut. True, Sackville | 60 |
| Adj. MacNamara, Charlottetown | 58 |
| Adj. Magee, North Sydney | 58 |
| Cadet Rogers, St. John I | 56 |
| Lieut. Northburgh, Fairville | 56 |
| Capt. Percy, Sydney | 55 |
| V. Lebars, Fredericton | 55 |
| Lieut. Smith, Truro | 55 |
| M. Denkin, North Head | 54 |
| Cadet Cameron, Canby | 54 |
| N. Watt, Liverpool | 54 |
| Lieut. Penherton, Amherst | 50 |
| Capt. Clark, Amherst | 50 |
| Ensign Knight, Woodstock | 50 |
| Lieut. Macneil, St. John I | 50 |
| Capt. Lawes, St. John I | 50 |
| Sergeant Fisher, Halifax I | 50 |
| Ensign McDonald, Springfield | 50 |
| Sergeant Major Morrison, Glace Bay | 50 |
| Mrs. Mayhew, Charlottetown | 50 |
| Lieut. Melke, New Glasgow | 50 |
| Sergeant Lyons, Fredericton | 50 |
| Capt. Lorhaer, Carleton | 50 |
| Lieut. Kirk, St. John V | 40 |
| Capt. Moore, Bridgewater | 40 |
| Ensign Wright, St. John III | 40 |
| Capt. Mitchell, Springfield | 40 |
| M. C. Ferguson, Pictou | 45 |
| Capt. Goodwin, Calais | 45 |
| W. Cowan, Calais | 45 |
| E. McDonald, Springfield | 45 |
| M. Roney, Bridgewater | 45 |
| E. Ramey, Bridgewater | 44 |
| Cadet McWilliams, St. John V | 44 |
| Sergeant Irons, Windsor | 42 |
| Capt. Wilson, Charlottetown | 41 |
| Capt. Brown, Halifax II | 40 |
| S. M. Marney, St. John V | 40 |
| Sec. Pike, North Sydney | 40 |
| P. Shea, Woodstock | 38 |
| Sergeant Long, Summerside | 39 |
| Sister Salter, Windsor | 38 |
| Sister Burgess, Halifax | 36 |
| Capt. Adj. McGillivray, Fredericton | 36 |
| Lizette Jones, St. John III | 3 |
| Mrs. Taylor, Chatham | 35 |
| Lieut. Taylor, Halifax II | 35 |
| Lieut. Hobb, Hampton | 35 |
| Lieut. Ebsary, Carleton | 35 |
| Sergeant Lebars, Fredericton | 34 |
| Penny Adams, St. John V | 33 |
| L. Smith, Halifax | 32 |
| M. Jost, Lunenburg | 32 |
| J. Green, Pictou | 31 |
| Sergeant Doyle, Sydney Mines | 30 |
| Sergeant Salter, New Glasgow | 30 |
| Sergeant Ashby, New Glasgow | 30 |
| Sergeant Pettie, Summerside | 30 |
| Sister Macdonald, Summerside | 30 |
| Capt. Traflet, Digby | 30 |
| E. Kent, Bear River | 30 |



Lord, Sanctify Me.

Tunes.—Praise (B.J. 143); or, Come, brethren dear (B.B. 9).

1 Now, Saviour, see me at Thy feet,
Lord, to my heart this moment speak,
As in the dust I kneel.
I want deliverance from sin,
I want Thy glory to come in,
I want Thy power to feel.

Now to the Cross myself I bring,
Here I give up each sinful thing,
I will, O Lord, be Thine!
Just here and now the Cleansing Flow
Wash my heart as white as snow,
And Thou art fully true.

Come, blessed Master, dwell with me,
Come, and my heart shall ever be
Thy constant dwelling-place,
Come, and the works of sin destroy,
Bring in the peace, and love, and joy,
And Thine own righteousness.
Dennis Clarke, Haddenham.

A Holy Life Demanded.

Tunes.—When I survey; Brian (B.J. 224); Boston (B.J. 197).

2 He wills that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full Divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

On Thee, O Lord, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thy utmost will;
The promise, of Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfil.

Thy loving Spirit, Lord, alone,
Thou lead me forth, and make me free;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

Now let Thy Spirit bring me in;
And give Thy servant to possess
The land of rest from laboured sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

Lord, I believe Thy power the same,
The same Thy truth and grace en-
dure;
And in Thy blessed hands I am,
And trust Thee for a perfect cure.

Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole,
Entirely all my sin remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

My Heart is Fixed.

Tunes.—Better world (B.J. 11); Will you go? (B.B. 13); We're travelling (B.B. 7); Christ for me (B.J. 308); What's the news? (B.J. 12).

3 My heart is fixed, Eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my unchanging choice is made,
Christ for me!
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring,
And while I've breath I mean to sing,
Christ for me!

Let others hoard of heaps of gold,
Christ for me!
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me!
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day;
My portion never can decay,
Christ for me!

In plining sickness, or in health,
Christ for me!
In deepest poverty, or wealth,
Christ for me!
And in that all-important day,
When I the call of death obey,
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me!

Saw, who can sing my song and say,
"Christ for me—
My life and truth, my light and way,
Christ for me?"
Then here's my heart, and here's my hand,
We'll form a brave salvation band,
And shout aloud throughout the land,
"Christ for me!"

We'll Shine Like Stars.

Tunes.—We'll march through the world (B.J. 78, 1); We'll light till Jesus comes (B.J. 33, 2); Bright for evermore (B.J. 53, 2); Now He sets me free (B.J. 15, 3).

4 I am a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
I will not fear to own His cause,
Nor blush to speak His fame.

Let us march through the world
With the Fire and the Blood;
Lord, the power and the glory are
Thine!

When we're turned guilty sinners
By millions to God,
Like stars in the heavens we'll shine

I'll not go singing to the skies
And living at my ease,
While others miss the heavenly prize
And die of sin's disease.

The foes of truth and man I'll face,
And bring them to the Blood;
I'll change the world, by Jesus' grace,
And conquer it for God.

Yes, I will fight, and Christ shall reign
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, and victory gain,
For Thou hast given the word.

Salvation the Best Thing.

Tune.—Oh, the Blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow (B.J. 19).

5 Oh, sinner, listen to the Voice that's calling you to-day!
"Thou Jesus, Lamb of Calvary, Who
bids you come away,
Come, bring your load of sin, and you
with us will sing:
"Salvation is the best thing in the world!"

Salvation is the best thing in the world!
Praise the Lord!
Salvation is the best thing in the world!
Praise the Lord!
Come, bring your load of sin, and you
with us will sing:
"Salvation is the best thing in the world!"

Oh, won't you come? There still is room for every sinner here,
And Christ our Captain's in command
—there's nothing new to fear.
Oh, try His wondrous love, and you
with us will prove
Salvation is the best thing in the world!

Come, make us start, give God your heart,
and make no more delay;
You never will regret the step; He'll
help you day by day,
He'll give you perfect peace, and joys
which never cease—
Salvation is the best thing in the world!

J. W. S. Hodgson, Wood Green.

Prepare Me!

Tunes.—Prepare me (B.J. 2, 3); Sacred hope (B.J. 37, 3) (And Sing Syne); He will wash you (B.J. 189, 3); Give me a heart (B.J. 60, 7); Jesus now is passing by (B.J. 108, 2); Just like Him (B.J. 192, 1); My

sins are under the Blood (B.J. 27, 3); Open and let the Master in (B.J. 52, 1).

6 Your garments must be white as snow,
Prepare to meet your God!
For to His throne you'll have to go,
Prepare to meet your God!

Chorus.

Prepare me, prepare me, Lord,
Prepare me to stand before Thy Throne.

Get rid of every stain of sin,
Prepare to meet your God!
You must God's great salvation win,
Prepare to meet your God!

Prepare me now, prepare me here,
To stand before Thy Throne;
That I, without a doubt or fear,
May stand before Thy Throne!

Lord, cleanse my heart, and make me pure,
To stand before Thy Throne;
My pride, and self, and temper cure,
To stand before Thy Throne.

blessed thought and fact that Christ is our choice for time and eternity. Hallelujah!

Our interest in the war in Canada, has never wavered, our thoughts oft turn to the scenes of our old battle-field, and we rejoice over the successful onward march of the Blood-and-Fire Flag, and pray that greater victories may be won for the Kingdom and our Christ.—Yours in His love, Harry and Maggie Connitt, Staff-Captains.

BRIGADIER GASKIN

And Headquarters' String Band at Yorkville.

The forces at Yorkville were supplemented on Sunday, Dec. 10th, by the above special. Capt. Rose and Lieut. Wadge were well pleased with the results, and so were the soldiers and friends. The morning and afternoon meetings were well attended, and much good resulted. At night the hall was full. After a hard pull, and a well-sustained prayer meeting, we were glad to see three at the Cross, a backslidden mother who brought her baby with her. The Brigadier thanked the Yorkville folks for doing well in the S.-D. effort. The music and singing by the members of the band added to the enjoyment of the night's services.

A Barre Comrade Crosses the River.

Another comrade has dropped the sword and taken up the cross. Sister Clerk was a faithful until death, and now is wearing the crown of life. Just before day-break, on Nov. 30th, our sister passed away. Mrs. Ensign Sims conducted the funeral service, which was attended by a large crowd. Nearly every soldier was present, many of our old comrades. Ensign Parker conducted the memorial service on the following Sunday evening.—E. R. S.

Whereabouts of Financial Specialists.

ADJT. WISEMAN.
Toronto, Thurs., Dec. 28, to Wed., Jan. 3.

ENSIGN OTTAWAY.
Windsor, Thurs., Dec. 28, to Wed., Jan. 3.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.
Paris, Thursday, Dec. 28.
Brantford, Fri., Sat. and Sun., Dec. 29, 30, 31.
Stimco, Mon. and Tues., Jan. 1, 2.
Tilsonburg, Wednesday, Jan. 3.

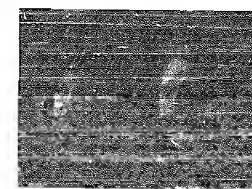
ENSIGN PERRY.
Medicine Hat, Thursday, Dec. 28.
Moose Jaw, Fri., Sat. and Sun., Dec. 29, 30, 31.

ENSIGN STAIKERS.
Vancouver, Thursday, Dec. 28.
New Westminster, Fri., Sat. and Sun., Dec. 29, 30, 31.
Nanaimo, Mon., Tues. and Wed., Jan. 1, 2, 3.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.
Bermuda, Thursday, Dec. 28, to Wednesday, Jan. 2.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, printed and published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 15 Albert Street, Toronto.

A MESSAGE FROM TWO OLD COMRADES.



Staff-Captain and Mrs. Connott,
Two well-known former Canadian officers now in California.

Time flies fast! It is just eight years since we crossed the border line—bade good-bye to the Land of the Maple Leaf and Beaver, to fight 'neath the Army Flag in the Land of the Stars and Stripes. They have indeed been eight years of blessed victories, and at this season we would raise our Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and rejoice in the

THE
AN

16th Year

Crime is the name of man, he is comes a v and yet m premeditate picture. A greed arou fore, money regret, atin "The hea things and can know. Ah! u himself ab self surpri dently-awak